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AN UN-MANIFEST MANIFESTO.

IT is always rather rash to speak for others, but impartial and careful observers may perhaps be permitted to discover not a little disappointment in the Gladstonian mind over the suddenly-arranged and much-discussed oration at Southport. For some days the paragraph-mongers and the writers of "notes" had been furiously busy over the goings and comings at Hawarden, and over the hasty resolve to deliver a great speech last Wednesday. It was more than whispered that, if not an elaborate revelation, at least significant hints of new departures in Gladstonian policy, would be given. Mr. GLADSTONE was to frame an anathema on the wicked Government and an indictment of its crimes which would not only seat Sir ROBERT PEEL triumphantly at Brighton, but sweep a Tory member into the vast inane "at" (as one of the finest and least hackneyed of Jacobite songs has it) "every whiff of his tartan plaidie." Some very sanguine or very credulous souls even whispered that that new Home Rule scheme for which Mr. GLADSTONE has been so politely, so unwearingly, and unsuccessfully asked would make its appearance. Alas for the vanity of human expectations! All the mysterious doings, as of a kind of Catilinarian conspiracy (which communicated to the frames of a certain class of newspaper reader a delicious horror as they read how Lord This had driven from Chester, and Mr. That had walked from somewhere else), all the precautions of stage caballing which had been observed, led up to a very ordinary platform speech, with rather more of the usual Gladstonian ambages, and rather less of the usual Gladstonian fire, without a hint of new programmes or new departures, without (is it necessary to say it?) what Mr. GLADSTONE might himself call the ghost of a scintilla of a suspicion of any new Home Rule "plan"—a speech in whose Gladstonian commentators it is surely not fancy which makes us detect a disappointed turning to the sound and fury even of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT himself.

Such disappointment is certainly warrantable enough. Mr. GLADSTONE may not be quite "the ruler of the world," as some enthusiastic Southporter called him; indeed, we had thought that that position was otherwise and already filled. But he is the most important person on one political side in England. And the most important person on one political side in England does not usually break the arranged order of political events to deliver a "first-class" speech (especially after heralding the sudden resolve with mysterious conciliabules and conferences) without some special purpose. The special purpose in the Southport speech can only be found by supposing that some system of passwords was arranged in the dead of night at Hawarden, and that apparently trivial platitudes about the control of the police, and the wickedness of the Turks, and the secret of cohesion among Irishmen, have, on some cryptographic or cryptolalic system, a quite different meaning. In that case we must leave it to the political Mr. DONNELLYS to piece together the scattered keywords, and elaborate the hidden significance. On the face of it the ruler of the world can hardly be said to have delivered a very intelligible allusion to his subjects. It is noticeable, no doubt, that even Mr. GLADSTONE, while availing himself of all his sleight of tongue to make censures of the conduct of the Turks thirteen years ago sound as if they were descriptions of the conduct of the Turks now, gives only the most cautious and gingerly sanction to the reports of Cretan outrages, and distinguishes (in a manner which would do him some credit if we could suppose that he wished to draw his audience's attention to the distinction instead of to make a political "pass") between Cretan "reports" and Armenian "evidence." When he came to criticism of the

Government, he seemed to be surprisingly out of pocket. The Jubilee coinage is, it seems, ugly, and apparently it requires no argument to prove that, if Mr. GLADSTONE had been in power, it would have been beautiful. The Government has not passed all the measures indicated in the QUEEN'S Speech; and it is notorious that Mr. GLADSTONE'S Governments have invariably carried through everything proposed in that elastic and sanguine document. There was a Minister of Agriculture before Mr. CHAPLIN; it is true that Mr. GLADSTONE admits that he was not a Minister of Agriculture, but still, when he had nothing else to do (it was "almost nothing," again admits this wonderful controversialist), he sometimes agriculturally ministered. Such Bills as have been carried, and as are good Bills, were carried by the help of the Gladstonians; such Bills as the Gladstonians did not help to carry, were either not carried or were bad Bills. The Irish Union was associated with "shameful proceedings." Irish combination is "peaceful and "not criminal" combination. If the Southport meeting had been held under Irish circumstances, it would not have been held under English circumstances. "Municipal and Local Government can scarcely be said to exist in Ireland" (this is said when an inhabitant of Southport can hardly open his newspaper without finding some instance where municipal and local governors in Ireland have lavished silly insult on the Government of the country, or refused to do their proper work). And then, with a little of the weary old jangle about the statistics of offences in Ireland and the statistics of votes in England, Mr. GLADSTONE closed a speech in which, for a wonder (or rather for no wonder), even his most frantic partisans have not discovered the greatest speech he ever made, but have, on the contrary, been hard put to it to find any epithets of praise whatever, and still harder put to it to disguise their own disappointment.

We confess to a certain sympathy, or at least a certain condolement, with Mr. GLADSTONE. He has had what seems to his followers an extraordinary, and what is certainly a not inconsiderable, run of luck in the late elections, and it appears to have occurred, either to his own sanguine temperament or to some of his advisers, that it would be well to take it at the flood and make a great speech. He has taken it at the flood, and he has made a speech which, by the tacit confession of his own followers, is not exactly great—indeed, which contains scarcely more matter, and is put with scarcely more force, than the ordinary platform harangues which half a dozen of his followers can produce, and do, as a matter of fact, produce about once a fortnight. There is neither light nor leading in it for his friends, neither dazzlement nor discomfiture for his foes. The electors of Brighton primarily, and the people of England generally, are invited to vote for a Home Rule Bill which is still sealed up; for Disestablishment in Scotland and Wales, if Scotland and Wales wish for it (which puts the question no further than both were put before); for a foreign policy which is only indicated by the reminder that one half-European, half-Asiatic nation did shocking things thirteen years ago; for a home policy which contains little more inspiring than a few amendments to the Local Government and Allotments Acts; for an Irish policy which reduces its intelligible expression to the statements that the Union was very shameful, that boiling-water throwers are very peaceful, that it is disgraceful of policemen to go into a shop, not because they want anything, but to see if they will be refused (the action of inspectors of milk in this country must seem to Mr. GLADSTONE a base mixture of tyranny and fraud); that there is a great deal of sympathy between different classes (except landlords) in Ireland, and that England ought to afford Ireland a "sisterly embrace"—from which we can

only suppose that when the Prodigal Son asked for the portion of goods that fell to him Mr. GLADSTONE would have described this as a "filial hug." All this they have had before a hundred times, even the cautious advance of Mr. GLADSTONE's approval of boycotting and the Plan of Campaign being so cautious as to be all but imperceptible. If they find the repetition, with less force and less sweetening of ornament, stimulating, they may be congratulated on their freedom from the usual course of the dram-drinker, political and other; but they can hardly be congratulated on anything else.

THE CENSORSHIP OF MUSIC-HALLS.

THE London County Council has earned for the first time warm approval by the manner in which it discharged last week the most important duty transferred to it from the Middlesex magistrates. So far as the Council as a body is concerned, the praise has been well earned and justly bestowed. The decisions at which the majority—the very considerable majority—of members arrived were in accordance with reason and common sense. As much cannot be said for the recommendations of the Licensing Committee, which had in several instances to be overruled. Lord ROSEBURY, whose consent to be again nominated as Chairman gave almost universal satisfaction, thought it necessary or politic to congratulate Mr. McDUGALL upon his energy and vigour as a self-constituted Inquisitor-General. It should be said in Mr. McDUGALL's favour that in the Council Chamber he conducted himself with decency, and avoided the deplorable example set by Mr. CHARRINGTON. The language repeatedly adopted by the latter Councillor, in reference to the morals of women who frequent music-halls, was not only indecorous, but unmanly and unchristian. Mr. NATHAN ROBINSON's emphatic protest against the cruel and hypocritical policy of hunting from pillar to post every woman suspected of vice is far more in accordance with the principles which Pharisees like Mr. CHARRINGTON profess, and do not follow. While, however, giving credit to Mr. McDUGALL for the comparative self-restraint which he observed, we would venture to point out the utter absurdity of the course which he pursued. Instead of travelling for health or recreation, this gentleman, says Lord ROSEBURY, nobly employed himself in going round from one music-hall to another, accompanied by a pencil and a note-book. It is impossible not to be struck by the similarity of this proceeding to that of another notorious busybody four or five years ago. Fortunately for Mr. McDUGALL and for the public, the County Council are not called upon to grant or withhold licences for the places visited by the inquisitor of 1885. Most people will agree with Lord ROSEBURY in thinking that the ordinary music-hall song, especially when read by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, is not particularly amusing. But if anybody's morals are capable of being corrupted by it, they must, in the famous phrase of JUNIUS, have reached that maturity of corruption at which the worst examples cease to be contagious. The extreme silliness of these ditties is really distressing. Their impropriety is ridiculously exaggerated.

Whenever the Committee recommended that the structure of a music-hall was unsafe, the Council rightly supported the Committee, and refused the application. The question of ethics was obviously a very different one. Mr. McDUGALL's difficulties in the performance of his task may be imagined. The songs sung at these entertainments are not printed, so that the unhappy man must have been reduced to relying upon his note-book for the jokes and upon his memory for the style. Lord ROSEBURY reminded the Council that the duties cast upon them were quasi-judicial, and ought to be discharged in a judicial spirit. But it is a fundamental rule of judicial procedure, at least in this country, that a judge cannot be a witness in a cause tried before himself. The business of the Licensing Committee is to take evidence, not to make it. They did communicate with the police, through Mr. MONRO, and the police reported that there was no ground of complaint against any of the institutions for which renewed licences were sought. Of course the Committee were not bound, though they would perhaps have done well, to be satisfied with this negative result. They might fairly enough have given a hearing to any respectable person who could prove any gross violation of decorum. But, if the Council encourage or tolerate the efforts of any "representative" PAUL PRY who may have a fancy for what Scotch lawyers call "vicious intromission," they will

bring themselves into general disrepute, and a clean sweep will be made of them two years hence. There are many worthy persons—we do not know whether Mr. McDUGALL is one of them—who regard all public amusements as unedifying, and theatres or music-halls as downright wicked. They are entitled to hold their opinions, and to abstain from going to the play. But the reign of the Puritan will require a greater man than Mr. McDUGALL to re-establish it in London. If Lord ROSEBURY, instead of patting this rather grotesque personage effusively on the back, had administered to him a mild snubbing, he would have increased his own reputation for sagacity at the cost of a little temporary unpopularity.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

AT the meetings of the Fox Club, after the names of FOX, and GREY, and HOLLAND, "nephew of FOX and friend of GREY," have been honoured, a toast is drunk to "The memory of Lord JOHN RUSSELL." The inheritors of the true Whig traditions ignore the later peerage, and recognize only the title most durably associated with the fame of the last of the Whigs. Mr. SPENCER WALPOLE, in the biography which he has just published through Messrs. LONGMANS, has followed this example. He has given us the Life of "Lord JOHN RUSSELL." The usage of history has been very capricious in the matter of titles. As Lord MACAULAY pointed out, it has peremptorily refused to acknowledge Viscount ST. ALBANS and Baron VERULAM, and knows only Lord BACON; which is as much as if a future generation should ignore the Earl of BEACONSFIELD and Viscount HUGHENDEN, and insist, to the horror of Garter-King-at-Arms, or whoever may be the proper person to be horrified, on speaking and writing of Lord DISRAELI. Sir ROBERT WALPOLE and PULTENEY have survived the titles of ORFORD and BATH; CARTERET remains CARTERET in spite of the GRANVILLE earldom; and SHELBURNE is SHELBURNE, notwithstanding the Marquisate of LANSDOWNE. On the other hand, HARLEY is indifferently HARLEY and OXFORD; BOLINGBROKE, thanks partly to POPE, is scarcely less familiar to posterity as ST. JOHN than as BOLINGBROKE; and the elder PITT is as frequently CHATHAM as PITT. As a rule, a man will naturally be remembered and spoken of by the name which he has borne longest, and which is associated with his greatest achievements. Lord JOHN RUSSELL's work was almost done when he became Earl RUSSELL. This, indeed, he himself felt in the speech in which he bade farewell to his constituents of the City of London just before his elevation to the peerage; he said that he felt much as CHARLES V. must have done when he attended as chief mourner at his own symbolic funeral. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, indeed, at one time contemplated, as appears from Mr. WALPOLE's pages, associating, as Lord SALISBURY has done, and as CANNING for a time thought of doing, the Premiership with the office of Foreign Secretary, and leaving the Commons for the Lords, as CANNING did not think of doing. This was in the midst of his troubles, and those of the Court, with Lord PALMERSTON, during his first Administration. If this plan had been carried out, the course of events might have been different. The knot of rivalry between these two competitors for place and power, which was with much difficulty untied, might have been cut. The name of Earl RUSSELL might possibly have become as famous as that of Earl GREY, of whom no one speaks or thinks as Mr. GREY. The title and substance of Mr. SPENCER WALPOLE's biography might have been different. It would, no doubt, in that case have been, as it is now, an excellent biography.

The association of the names of RUSSELL and WALPOLE on the same title-page has a historic appropriateness. The descendant of the greatest of the House of Commons Whigs, of the inventor and ablest practitioner of the art of government by debate and Parliamentary management, has a sort of hereditary qualification for writing the life of the last of his political line. Mr. WALPOLE's lineage is indeed curiously crossed. He is the grandson, and has been the biographer, of SPENCER PERCEVAL, and he is the son of a Conservative statesman, now living in honoured retirement, whose uprightness and purity and scholarly cultivation recall the best traditions of Parliamentary life. But there has been a reversion to the Whiggism of the original stock. Mr. WALPOLE has other more positive qualifications than these sentimental ones for being the bi-

grapher of Lord JOHN RUSSELL. The historian of England, from the year 1815 to the Crimean War, he has a minute and full acquaintance with the events of the period which is covered by Lord JOHN RUSSELL's political life. The background of the picture was already filled in in his mind before he undertook the special task which he has successfully accomplished. Mr. WALPOLE's *Life of Lord John Russell* is of a high order of excellence. It is not, perhaps, quite of the highest order. It is a work of skill rather than of genius, of the artisan rather than of the artist. There are some biographies which, by charm of form and style, have taken a permanent place in literature, independent of the secondary interest attaching to their subject—such as, to confine ourselves to contemporary instances, CARLYLE's *Sterling*, and, perhaps, Mr. DISRAELI's *Lord George Bentinck*. There are others in which both sources of interest combine, as in Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's *Early History of Charles James Fox*. If Sir GEORGE could have been contented for a few years, instead of only for a few months, with the pursuits of an English gentleman in exile from politics, and so restored to letters, if he had not suffered himself to be beckoned away by a meaner ambition to meaner things, we can conceive him writing a *Life of Lord JOHN RUSSELL* which would have taken its place side by side with his *Lives of Fox* and of MACAULAY. If, again, Mr. LECKY could have been released from the *lien* which the eighteenth century has upon his time and faculties, and handed for a time over to the nineteenth, we can imagine his producing work which would have joined the charm of personal portraiture—for which his intimate acquaintance with Lord RUSSELL well equipped him—with philosophic insight and grasp of political principles, and the mastery of a style tinged with the colours of imagination, but still transparent to the light, firm, yet flexible, to every movement of thought.

Though Mr. WALPOLE's *Life of Lord JOHN* is not the best of all conceivable biographies by the best of all conceivable biographers, it is a valuable and well-executed work, worthy of the author, and not unworthy of the subject. It was almost inevitable that it should be somewhat marred by the controversial character scarcely separable from it. Mr. WALPOLE has had to vindicate Lord JOHN from serious accusations of personal and self-seeking ambition, which subordinated good faith to his colleagues and the welfare of his country to his own advancement. We think he has done so successfully. But, in order to do so, he has had to go with much minuteness into rather paltry details. His pages are strewn with documents which might better have been banished to an appendix of *pièces justificatives*. They litter the ground in large blocks and masses, instead of being worked up into the building. A great part of the book—notably that portion of it which deals with Lord JOHN RUSSELL's retirement from office under Lord ABERDEEN's Government, his conduct at the Vienna Conference, his retention of his place in Lord PALMERSTON's Administration after the rejection of the plan of peace which he brought from Vienna—is rather the pleading of counsel for the defence than biography. Lord JOHN is not, we believe, chargeable with anything worse than infirmity of purpose in these transactions, with not knowing his own mind soon enough and acting upon it promptly enough. His proposal, in the early and disastrous stages of the Crimean War, that the dual government of the War Department should be abolished, by the merging of the offices of Secretary for War and Secretary at War, was sound, and was afterwards acted on; and, if he had resigned office when his advice was refused, he would have been clear in the eyes of the country and the end which he aimed at would have been gained. But he yielded, without any selfish motive, to the pressure put upon him to remain, and so timed his resignation as to suggest the suspicion that he deserted his colleagues in a moment of peril which he ought to have braved with them. He ought to have resigned when what he thought satisfactory proposals for peace were rejected by his colleagues; but he could not have done so, or so he fancied, without disclosing matters, affecting France, which he was bound in honour to keep to himself. He therefore remained in office and held his tongue, and the result was his almost ignominious expulsion from office when the part which he had played at Vienna became half-known. He bravely endured obloquy, not disclosing the whole truth, which would have to a great extent set him right, but as to which he deemed his lips to be in honour sealed. If he had left office earlier

and held his tongue, there would have been surmise and suspicion, but he would have been free from the imputation of consenting to an unnecessary war.

On these points, which for a time weakened the public confidence, not merely in the statesmanlike capacity of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, but in his straightforwardness and integrity, Mr. WALPOLE puts his conduct in a new and better light. It relieves a character which, as it appears in these volumes, is singularly engaging and impressive, from the stains which imperfect information left upon it. Lord JOHN RUSSELL's title is vindicated to a high place, not only among English statesmen, but among English worthies. There was a certain mountain air breathing round him, thin and keen, perhaps, but pure and bracing, untainted by the exhalations which are given out on lower levels of character. There was a granite basis in his character on which the foot could firmly rest; and though the soil seemed bleak and bare and rugged, it was better than the shifting sand and treacherous swamp, often covered with luxuriant vegetation, which betray those who trust them. Lord JOHN was sometimes suspected of shiftiness and slyness. There is, as has been remarked, such a thing as the simplicity of knavery. The cheat is often the most credulous of men. There is, on the other hand, such a thing as the astuteness of simplicity, the self-complacency of an ingenuous mind in little artifices of the most transparent kind which deceive no one. It was the recognition of this side of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's character which led SYDNEY SMITH to say of him that if he once began to intrigue he was lost. He hid his designs in a speech as the conspirators in the *Rovers* hid theirs in a song. Perhaps the moral quality which stood him most in stead with his countrymen was his pluck and his love of combat. The impulse which led him when a schoolboy at Westminster to play truant from his writing lesson in order to go and see a prize-fight was that which led him when still a lad to the Duke of WELLINGTON's lines before Torres Vedras, and which later made him drink delight of battle in the windy halls of St. Stephen's. It was not the victorious cause or the beaten cause which pleased him, but the struggling cause. He rallied to the forlorn hope; and when his own fortunes were most desperate his courage was highest, his step lightest, his bearing most gallant. It was this unflinching courage, springing in part from consciousness of resources and in part supplying them, which made a public speaker who was rarely an orator always a consummate debater. Lord JOHN RUSSELL is one instance among many of the falsity of the doctrine that courage is a function of health, a result of the vigorous action of the heart, the consequence of the steady and adequate supply of blood to the brain. The infirm health from which he suffered through life is probably accountable for many of his mistakes. There is traceable in his public career, in his thoughts and actions, a want of sustained continuity. He was flighty and apparently capricious. The audacity which DANTON thought the first requisite in a statesman and the patience to which PITT gave the highest place may be useless without sound lungs and a good digestion. The physical basis of statesmanship was insufficient in Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and his projects were often like the walls which BALZAC built round his garden without foundations, and which the first gust of wind overthrew. No one was more ingenious than he, or more prolific in plans. The sketch of the Reform Bill which he drew up on a sheet of notepaper is only one of many projects which he drew up in the shape of Cabinet memoranda, schemes of national defence, outlines of foreign policy, and the like, with an Abbé SIEYÈS fertility. Many of the schemes to which later statesmanship has given effect were suggested long before by Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and overruled by the Cabinet. In 1848 he proposed a scheme, in principle similar to Mr. GLADSTONE's, for limiting the power of ejectment in Ireland, and giving security to the tenant. He anticipated Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's plan of Provincial Councils, and proposed, with a further access of unwisdom, as we deem it, to apply the same system to the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland. But for opposition in his Cabinet many of the measures—politic or unpolitic, we are not speaking of that—which have made the fame of succeeding Liberal Governments might have been associated with his name. Of the beauty and charm of his private life and character, his sportiveness with his children, his harmless verses, his genuine but sober and rational piety, we have no space to speak. Many illustrations of them will be found in Mr. WALPOLE's volumes. His dying declaration that, in spite

of all his mistakes, he had aimed at the public good, the rudest adversary will not question. If with him, as well as with others, the spirit of conflict sometimes obscured this aim, it was not the less truly there.

THE OPENING OF THE REICHSTAG.

WHILE the German EMPEROR has gone off on peaceful pleasuring, with a wedding and perhaps some little business thrown in, to give it an object, his representative in Berlin has read a Speech from the Throne which was nothing if not businesslike. The reported flatness of the proceedings illustrates not ill the intensely personal character which politics still have in Germany; but the actual hearers of a Royal Speech form in no country the really important portion of its audience. There is assuredly nothing in the Speech to allay the fears of those who look forward to a Battle of Armageddon, nor anything to disturb the forecasts of those who, while fearing nothing, anticipate not a few evil things. If there is no defiance in the Speech, there is a great deal about defence. There are references, of course, to that peculiar policy which will probably, as far as domestic affairs go, be the special point of Prince BISMARCK's history to which the historian will devote his attention—the combination, namely, of active measures against unauthorized Socialism with measures no less active for the propagation of the Socialism which is authorized. Attempts in this direction have, of course, been made elsewhere; but it was reserved for Prince BISMARCK to make a kind of *régie* of Socialism. There is, further, reference to the affairs of East Africa; and there is the announcement (which will bring a grim smile to English countenances) that “the costs of the expedition could not, for various reasons, be kept within the sum ‘made available.’” The occasions when the costs of such an expedition could be so kept, in all the ample experience of England, are uncommonly far to seek, and the Germans will find it the same. But all these things are uninteresting beside the fresh appeals for aid “to develop the efficiency of ‘the army and its readiness for action,’ of course only with a final regard to ‘the securing of peace,’ and with cheerful hopes that, ‘with God’s help’ (and the EMPEROR’s visits to friends), ‘peace will be maintained in the coming ‘year.’” Meanwhile Germany, wise in her generation, makes herself ready for battle.

It is not unnatural that the somewhat eccentric action of a junior member of the other great ruling House of Germany should have attracted attention in connexion with this very Speech. There is not a little oddity in the HAPSBURGs, and the Archduke JOHN has always had the reputation of possessing his full share of it, combined with a share at least as full of the remarkable, though intermittent, ability of the House. But his desire to unprince himself is said to be connected with despair or despondency at the present condition of the Austrian army; and it must also be remembered that no royal line in Europe has produced more soldiers of ability, if not always of good fortune, than that of HAPSBURG-LORRAINE. The matter is only important because, if the Archduke’s motives are correctly reported, and his judgment not over-estimated, a serious discouragement will have been given to those who attributed the repeated recent attempts to run down the Austrian army partly to Russian jealousy and boastfulness, partly to a merely mechanical reminiscence of the ill-luck of Austria in recent contests. It may be said safely and unhesitatingly that there is no army in Europe on the strength and efficiency of which the maintenance of the peace of Europe depends more, even if there be any on which it depends so much. No nation has better military material, nor has any a more plentiful supply of the class of officers which, as even tolerably sensible Democrats are beginning to discover and allow, it is almost impossible to replace by any other class. But, for this reason and that, mismanagement has been chronic in Austrian armies for centuries. It was hoped that considerable improvement had been made, and it would still be unwise to take what may be the crotchet of an individual as final evidence to the contrary. But it may be admitted that the symptom is not reassuring, especially when the other side of the Galician frontier already swarms with Russian soldiers like an anthill with ants, while reinforcements are constantly arriving.

A JUDICIAL ALLANTOPOLES.

TOM CANT, butcher, of Colchester, achieved unexpected success on Tuesday in the Bankruptcy Court of his native town. He succeeded madly, as the French say. Whether he obtained his discharge or not is a point of minor importance, on which such records as we have been able to consult are silent. But he procured from the Bench a recognition of his merits as a man of business, and a gratuitous advertisement of his wares such as his fondest imaginings can hardly have anticipated. Tom, it must be admitted, has entirely cleared his mind of the objectionable quality which his name connotes. He is a practical cynic, who believes that if you want a thing you should not only ask for it, but pay in advance. He wanted his discharge, he believed in the goodness of his pork sausages, and forthwith he sent some to the Judge. The practice is an old one—older than sausages, or Western civilization. From the days of CLODIUS to the days of PALMER accused persons have not hesitated to supplement the rectitude of conscious innocence by the persuasive offer of succulent morsels. PALMER, if we remember rightly, sent the Coroner a turbot, a brace of partridges, and a barrel of oysters. The Coroner ate them, and was severely censured by Lord CAMPBELL, who probably thought the transaction extravagant as well as corrupt. A certain judge, as the Greek ARNOLD describes the functionary who was pursued by a black hen, and who had an upper chamber whenever he stayed in town—a certain judge of the superior Courts in our own day received a present of game from an unknown source. He consumed it, and gave God thanks. Shortly afterwards he was favoured with a letter from the donor, suggesting that he should decide an election petition in favour of the sitting member. He swore, but not all the oaths in Christendom could help him to return those pheasants or those hares. As he did not happen to be one of the election judges, he had not even the barren satisfaction of declaring the seat vacant on account of bribery. Mr. SPEDDING defended BACON on the ground that, having taken gratification from both sides, he proceeded to determine the case by the principles of law or equity. According to this view, Magna Carta should provide only against undue preference in the sale of justice. But even Mr. SPEDDING’s theory, which was perhaps invented under stress of Baconian enthusiasm, would not have helped Judge ABDY of Colchester. For, in the first place, it does not appear that any one sent him sausages except TOM CANT; and, in the second place, few people would be at the expense of buying sausages for the sake of preventing the discharge of a gentleman in difficulties. A more eccentric piece of ill-nature it would indeed be difficult to conceive.

It might be supposed, by the loose and hasty thinker, that the judge would have returned the sausages, or given them to the poor, and either committed the sender for contempt or said nothing about the matter. But Judge ABDY has peculiar ideas of judicial dignity. He delivered an allocution which must have been impressive to hear, and which it would be sacrilegious to abbreviate. “Are you ‘the person who sent me some sausages?’” he exclaimed. “You really must not do it. I am afraid you did it in ‘view of the application. I thought it was a parcel from ‘a gentleman who sends me roses; and, when I found they were sausages, I was obliged to take them, because I did ‘not know where to send them back. I must say that ‘they were extremely good; but you must not do it. You ‘really must not.’” Upon the consideration of this passage several reflections arise. There is the subaltern question of style, or, as some have propounded it, how to be vulgar without being witty. Then, again, a point might be taken as to how the judge identified the “person” before him with the sender of the sausages. Are all senders of sausages alike? Then it would be interesting to know whether the gentleman who sends Judge ABDY roses is also an uncertificated bankrupt or some one otherwise desiring the favour of the Court. The use of the word “must” is also very curious and singular. “I must say,” “you must ‘not do it.’” It cannot mean compulsion in both instances, because the Judge was clearly not obliged to say that the sausages were good. Does it, then, imply necessity in either? There are occasions when “must not” signifies rather less than this, as when the feminine Quaker, in the well-known story, observed “Thou must not make a practice of it.” Uttered by a great actor, the phrases “You must ‘not do it’—and yet I must say they were very good—but ‘you must not do it’ would be most effective, though

doubtless not in the way intended by Judge ABDY. We do not know whether Judge ABDY feels towards sausages as HURRELL FROUDE used to feel towards buttered toast. The saint succumbed when that esculent appeared, and sausages seem to be too much for the self-restraint of the learned person who settles the litigation of Colchester.

A DEATH AND A WEDDING.

THE announcement of the death of Dom LUIS, late King of Portugal and Algarve, and the approach of the wedding of the Duke of SPARTA, have during this week kept up the hackneyed mixture of passing and wedding bells in the parish of Europe. What is called the political significance of such events is always of a disputable and (as a popular, but not ignorant, writer once enraged those critics who hate to have to turn to a dictionary and are too ill educated to escape that necessity, by saying) "aleatory" character. But, such as it is, it attaches rather to the wedding than to the funeral. Dom LUIS of Portugal, though he had not had by any means a long life, had had a long reign, as reigns go, and, as reigns go in Southern Europe, a quiet one. He had had time, and had availed himself of it, to put Portugal on a level with Saxony, and above all other kingdoms, as having produced a Royal author who, if he did not produce literature of the very first class himself, at any rate occupied himself only with such. The Saxon monarch chose DANTE, the Portuguese SHAKESPEARE; we are not aware that there is, or has been, any crowned Homerist to make up the triad. In fact, the Portuguese sovereign had not much else to do. Once during the last thirty years Portugal has had an important internal disturbance—that brought about by the *coup-d'état*, revolt, rebellion, candidatureship for the mayoralty of the palace, or whatever it may be called, of the Duke of SALTANHA in 1870. The blow was parried with sufficient adroitness by King LUIS, who gave way, only to get the better afterwards. Otherwise the internal politics of Portugal have attracted, and perhaps deserved, little notice from outside. The credit of the country, once deeply sunk and never very stable, has somewhat recovered of late years; but doctors differ as to the cause of the recovery, some assigning it to Stock Exchange devices, others to a solid prosperity. A considerable increase in manufacturing industry has also lately been noticed. But the part played by the reigning family in all these matters has not been very large. Indeed, in both the Peninsular kingdoms, which by so odd a coincidence were, within a few years, thrown under the distaff in the first generation of this century, constitutional government has done its best, or worst, to reduce the sovereign from the position of a captain whose orders are obeyed to that of a helmsman who can, indeed, run the ship on the rocks by his clumsiness or save her by his skill, so long as he is at the helm, but who cannot count upon the submission of the crew. And this would seem—whether in consequence of the difference of character between the dead MARIA DA GLORIA and the living Queen or ex-Queen ISABEL or not—to have been even more the case in Portugal than in Spain.

It is impossible that Portugal should not be a subject of interest, and not merely of sentimental interest, to Englishmen. The long period during which the greater Power safeguarded the lesser, while the lesser supplied the greater with that admirable liquor the consumption of which helped to produce our greatest statesmen, soldiers, and savants, cannot easily be forgotten, crowned as it was by the almost unparalleled relation of England to Portugal in the Peninsular War. Then, when their rulers ran away, when their armies ran away in a different sense likewise, when they lay a helpless prey to the spoiler, we took the Portuguese up in earnest. The obligation was, indeed, not wholly on their side; for the honour of providing a site for the lines of Torres Vedras was, it must be confessed, something balanced by the inconvenience of being made subject to invasion by Marshal MARSENA. But the Englishman may certainly say that he was *bon prince* to Portugal. He fought her battles, he paid for everything he himself took or spent, he lent her great sums of money (much of which has never been paid off till this day), he taught her sons, under BERESFORD and PACK, to become something more than decent soldiers, he gave her the glory of being the one kingdom in Continental Europe which, save for the briefest

moment, made head continuously against NAPOLEON, and started the resistance which rolled the tyrant off his throne. M. CHERBULIEZ would, of course, account for what followed by the well-known and deplorable want of sympathy of the English character with other races—a want of sympathy which seems something to resemble that which exists, let us say, between Swiss and Frenchmen. Portugal had seen so much of England, and owed so much to her, that she began to dislike her. Others put the estrangement down to the Liberal craze which came upon England and made her force Liberal sovereigns on peoples who did not want them. It pleased Englishmen, not of one shade of politics only, to represent Dom MIGUEL as a mixture of brute and fool; some impartial historical students have difficulty in avoiding the conclusion that Portugal really preferred him. However this may be, things have notoriously for many years been becoming cooler and cooler between those who were once the fastest friends in the European family. Whether Dom CARLOS, who now succeeds, will be able or will be disposed to do anything to alter this remains to be seen. He would be a sanguine person who entertained high hopes in the matter. King CARLOS has married a daughter of the Count of PARIS, and every French Pretender knows that a slight put on England is a recommendation to Frenchmen. Moneyed men in Portugal (except part of the wine interest) want Protection to enable their new manufactures to compete with English trade, and the ancient pride of the nation revolts at the idea of handing over its shadowy sovereignty in Africa to English newcomers. This kind of international sulking seldom comes to any good end unless the stronger party either shakes the nonsense out of the weaker or coaxes it into sense again. Nowadays we call the former process "brutal" and the latter "degrading."

The marriage of the Duke of SPARTA with a German Princess has the possibilities of a larger political influence, but only the possibilities. An alliance nearer to England than one in which the daughter of an English Princess Royal marries the nephew of a Princess of Wales is not easily imaginable. But the modifications of constitutionalism on the one hand, and of the—at first sight—rather unconstitutional practice of supplying kingdoms and prince-doms with foreign incumbents of their sovereign office at so much per head, have introduced strange changes in such matters. The kingdom of Greece is but just over the half-century in years, and that half-century has seen one dynasty upset, and another (unless rumour lies very much) thinking more than once of abdicating. The mischief of such arrangements is that the real relation of monarch and people can hardly be established by them. It has come nearest to establishment in Sweden, perhaps, but even there it is a little precarious. It is not merely that the "Supper of CANDIDE" has now nothing surprising about it, and that anybody could get together not only a small supper party of doubtful adventurers, but a large dinner party of authentic ex-holders of crowns, or claimants to them on the most undeniable title-deeds. The fault rather is that the new kind of king, even if he is prosperous and popular, stands towards his people in a quite different relation from the old. He is rather like a secretary of a public institution under whose care that institution has prospered, or a popular stationmaster, or a "powerful" curate. The sincerest efforts may be made to retain him in his situation, all men may say good things of him, slippers, teapots full of gold pieces, portraits of himself in oils by the best masters, or their equivalents, may positively rain on him. But the nation does not feel itself the king's *chose*, does not identify itself, its weal and woe, with his, would regard *Moriamur pro rege nostro* (all contention as to that contentious phrase being here waived) as mere unbusinesslike lunacy. It is, therefore, impossible to pretend any intense political interest in the coming alliance. Nevertheless, it is almost certainly intended as a buttress, slight in itself, but possibly useful, of the structure which, chiefly by one man's energy and foresight, has been built up in the middle of Europe against the levity of one end and the greed of the other. As such it is welcome enough, especially to a nation which can still send a fleet to the Pireus to fetch off hard-bested royalty, if it be necessary.

DOGS AND THEIR COMMENTATORS.

THE person using the rather clumsy signature "Dog-hater" has certainly "drawn," in a highly effective manner, a considerable company of those who write letters to newspapers. He wrote with his pen what a good number of persons habitually think in their minds. They are, for the most part, scattered individuals, and seldom express their "misocyny," as Miss FRANCES POWER COBBE calls it, articulately. They are rather to be pitied, because there are so many dogs about that it is inconvenient to hate them all. No one, therefore, should grudge "Dog-hater" the mild pleasure of having provoked a good number of antagonists to give themselves away in a picturesque and abject manner.

All the antics of the persons who think it sacrilege to dislike dogs pale into insignificance beside a contribution to the literature of dogs and muzzles which some anonymous person has given to the world, in pamphlet form, with engravings on wood. The pamphlet is called *Hydrophobia of 1889; its Cause and Cure* (London: W. ROBERTS). It is described on the title-page as "Written by a Dog with a Sore Nose." The greater part of the text, however, purports to be written by a man owning a dog; but occasionally, for a few sentences, the author has remembered his cunning device, and put his observations into the mouth of a supposed dog. The author, speaking in his own person, summarizes his account of the existing Muzzling Order in these words:—"Now the matter is this: The governing classes 'find every year that it is more difficult to govern the country, and, therefore, they must have resort to superstition, for rabies in dogs is nothing more than superstition." The dog, by the way, appears to be of a slightly different opinion; for he—at least it seems to be the dog—surmises that the early stages of diphtheria, especially when complicated with "anxious thoughts," is what "is called 'by party feeling and party scientific men 'Hydrophobia.'" There is certainly some difference between diphtheria and superstition; but it should be added to the credit of the man that the dog is not absolutely faithful to its theory of diphtheria, for it remarks on the same page that hydrophobia "is nothing more than breathing impure air."

These opinions of the author and his intelligent quadruped are further supported by anecdote. "It is not so long ago that an old lady died with the symptoms of hydrophobia, 'whom [*sic*] it was proved had never been bitten by any dog. It came out, she once had a pet dog; so the intelligent jury brought in their verdict that the lady had been 'licked by a dog, causing hydrophobia; and at the time of the trial of the Crofters in Edinburgh, one of the witnesses, when he came into Court, howled like a dog, and 'shortly after died;—' there is a little more, but after a line so strictly decasyllabic and in its matter so suggestive of 'MAUD,' it does not seem necessary to say more about the story than to point out that the Crofters' case and the old lady's case had nothing whatever to do with each other. The essay further contains a disquisition upon witchcraft, because all those persons who believe in rabies in man, or 'hydrophobia in dogs, would believe in woman having the 'power of bewitching others, and bringing ill-fortune and 'disease upon them by their 'touch' or look." The author sees in the current apprehension of rabies, and some other circumstances, signs of a recrudescence of belief in witchcraft. It has been growing upon us. "Fifteen years ago 'England was in a much more advanced state as a great 'Power than it is now. Something had to be done to 'check 'the rising colossal thoughts of such men as 'CHARLES BRADLAUGH, and the Government had no other 'resource than their old game of superstition; and to 'encourage the Salvation Army through such despicable 'men as the late Mr. NEWDEGATE. . . ." Since 1874, therefore, superstition has increased among us, "and 'when witchery and hydrophobia have thoroughly grown 'into the minds of the millions, they will be nicely in the 'hands of the power who rules the wand." In order that there may be no mistake as to what wand-ruler it is that is gradually enslaving the millions by pretending to believe in rabies, there here follows a spirited woodcut of Lord SALISBURY, somewhat tightly draped in a wizard robe, waving a long wand, and wearing an oval Union Jack across his chest. Briefly, but earnestly, the dog—who has relieved the human author at some unspecified point—dwells on the powerful nature of superstitious motives. "Look again at the actor and the stage; how jealous the 'Dissenters are of the money which is spent by the people

"in listening to a moral sermon, with sublime music and 'scene-shifting." The essay breaks off rather suddenly. The concluding sentence is:—"Most persons will accept of 'a pup-dog for their children to play with, not having to 'pay a tax till it is six months old, and by that time it is 'taken to a distance on purpose to be lost." We do not precisely understand how it helps to demonstrate the identity of rabies with superstition—or even with diphtheria.

CRETE AND ARMENIA.

THE political dissenter is rarely a man of much literature, and it is improbable that MESSRS. WIGNER, OWEN, PATTISON, and the others who, in the name of the Baptist Union, have petitioned Lord SALISBURY on the subject of the Cretan "atrocities," know where the following words are to be found:—"They are not historians of an action, 'but lawyers of a party. They are retained by their 'principles and bribed by their interests. Their narrations 'are an opening of their cause: and in the front of their 'histories there ought to be written the prologue of a 'pleading, *I am for the plaintiff, or I am for the defendant.*" But the reverend gentlemen would have done well to remember the words, and will do well to read and mark them before they again take for gospel the assertions of the Special Correspondent of the *Daily News* about Crete. Indeed, the Correspondent himself might upbraid them, for they credit him with "giving details of the horrible violation and mutilation of women of the island"—which, no doubt, he would have been very glad to give, but which he certainly did not, while even "details" are not evidence. The exaggeration (we use words carefully ourselves, and, therefore, we do not use a stronger term) as to the four regiments who were reported to be mutinying and chasing SHAKIR Pasha is another case in point. It may be said (and the ultra-guarded language of Mr. GLADSTONE himself at Southport is the best proof of it) that, up to the present time, we have no trustworthy details, and very few details at all, about any Cretan "atrocities," though, no doubt, the unwearying efforts of the atrocity-mongers have made SHAKIR's almost accomplished task somewhat more difficult, and have rendered actual bloodshed and suffering far more probable.

Turcophobe mendacity about Armenia takes a somewhat different form. In Crete it is a little monotonous, even the mutiny being a bright relief to the dull uniformity of invented or unproved outrage. The vicissitudes of the inquiry into MOUSSA Bey's misdeeds present better opportunities, and the newspaper people, spurred by these, show some ingenuity in devising perpetually different results, all of which can be equally adjusted to show the wickedness of the Turk. Impartial onlookers have always admitted that there is a danger of partiality in this case. The SULTAN is not the only person who has adopted the great principle of an English patriot, that "it is not well to discourage 'friends." It is odd that people who admire Mr. GLADSTONE for shutting his eyes, and do their best to shut their own, to the sun-clear evidence of Irish Nationalist crime, should be so angry with the SULTAN for not washing his hands at once of MOUSSA. MOUSSA is a much more respectable person than some of the advanced wing of the Parnellite party, for the simple reason he is more than half a barbarian, and they are *censés* to be civilized. But, if the SULTAN has any such weakness, and if he indulges it, he will commit a tremendous blunder. Exaggerated as the charges against the Kurds doubtless are, there is also no doubt that they are in part true, and that it is in the very highest degree unwise to give, in the most vulnerable side of the Empire, an excuse to an enemy who is only too willing to wound. The error of the Turkish Government in the matter seems, indeed, to be the error, not of tyrants, or ruffians, or bigots, but of people deficient in common sense and appreciation of the facts of life. If you are strong enough to bid foreigners to mind their own business when they make representations about the misgovernment of your subjects, it is a capital thing to do so. But if inquiries have to be granted, they should be full, free, and prompt, and every possible precaution should be taken to remove real causes of complaint. Invented causes it is, of course, impossible to remove; but they are almost harmless unless they can be mixed up with a little of the real thing. And that is why the real thing should be stamped out as soon as found. No service that MOUSSA can ever render

the Porte will compensate for the harm done to it by his adoption of those twelfth- or thirteenth-century ways which during the nineteenth century are tolerable to Gladstonians only in their own friends.

THE CONSERVATISM OF CATS.

CATS are being exhibited at the Crystal Palace. It is not an emotional show. Mr. MAX MÜLLER tells a pretty anecdote of how his dachshund recognized him afar off at one of the canine exhibitions, and did his best to make up for the want of articulate language by affectionate demonstrations. Cats are noble animals, but not demonstrative. In an effusive age the cat remains calm, dignified, impassive, the Red Indian of the animal creation. The cat is not like the dog; it is melancholy to think what man has made of him and what he has made of man. Every vice of the age reflects itself in the modern dog. He is self-conscious, affected, communicative, gushing, the victim of *ennui*; he thirsts for excitement, for society, for public notice. From room to room he speeds, looking for that in which he finds most society and is most brought forward. He is vain of his accomplishments, and delights in begging, in refusing or accepting, bits of cake "from Mr. GLADSTONE," in "giving three cheers for the QUEEN," in saying "WILLIAM." Mr. ROMANES mentions a dog in Dumfries who could say "WILLIAM." Nobody ever heard of a cat who attempted anything of that sort. It is told of a dog, living in a small country house, that when the local magnate had other magnates staying with him, that dog would go away, and desert his master for the more diverting and distinguished society. The dog is all expression. He communicates every one of his numerous emotions. He is so vain that a large and, it must be admitted, handsome colley has been known to contemplate himself all day in a mirror. The dog must always be "in evidence." How much of his acknowledged gallantry in saving life and attacking robbers is due to a mere desire to see his name in the papers can never be certainly discovered. In fact, he is bitten with all the sentimentality and effusiveness of the period. Even his friends, even Miss FRANCES POWER COBBE, will admit, on reflection, that the dog has been thus degraded by associating with mankind. He is by way of being a philanthropist. "That dog 'll speak to any beggar," said a Lowland shepherd of his own hound, which had gone up and wagged his tail to a passing angler.

In contrast with all this demonstrative philanthropy consider the example of the cat. The cat has *retenue*. He has his hours of sportiveness, as MONTAIGNE observed; "thus 'freely speaketh MONTAIGNE about cats," says IZAAK WALTON. He will not disturb himself at other moments for anybody. The blandishments of strangers he neither shuns nor seeks—he endures them. He is not the victim of the craze for society. He suffices for himself. He is never bored with his own company. Of all animals he alone attains to the Contemplative Life. He regards the wheel of existence from without, like the BUDDHA. There is no pretence of sympathy about the cat. He lives "alone, aloft, sublime," in a wise passiveness. If you tread on a dog's tail by accident, he utters "the lyric cry," and then dissolves in the elegies of apology. The cat suffers and is silent, or firmly applies his claws without remark. He is excessively proud; and, when he is made the subject of conversation, will cast one glance of scorn and leave the room in which personalities are bandied. He disdains accomplishments, and it is a fact that cats are losing the art of purring. All expressions of emotion he scouts as frivolous and insincere, except, indeed, in the ambrosial night; when, free from the society of mankind, he pours forth his soul in strains of unpremeditated art. The paltry pay and paltry praise of humanity he despises, like EDGAR POE. He does not exhibit the pageant of his bleeding heart; he does not howl when people die, or explode in cries of delight when his master returns from a journey. With quiet courtesy he remains in his proper and comfortable place, only venturing into view when something he approves of, such as fish or game, makes its appearance. On the rights of property he is firm; if a strange cat enters his domain, he is up in claws to resist invasion. He is the reverse of the bandicoot, if that animal is correctly described by the poet as "a wildly sympathetic brute." It was for these qualities, probably, that the cat was worshipped by the ancient Egyptians.

It may be urged, on the other side, that a kitten has

lately made the ascent of the Matterhorn. A party of climbers found him halfway up, and he was condescending enough to accompany them. But this was a kitten, and youth has its errors and excesses. The kitten must have been in bad company. But there was even in this young thing no ostentation. He set forth alone, and without announcing his ambitious intention. Had he succeeded, unaided and unroped, without a guide, he would never have swaggered about the performance. It is not impossible that he dreamed of opening a new field to feline industry—that of the Alpine guide. But this was a solitary instance. The cat is not ambitious. From the dawn of creation he knew his place, and he has kept it, practically untamed and unspoiled by man. Though he has many enemies, the sage will still prefer, in a future state of existence on earth, to be a comfortable and contemplative cat.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

THERE is always plenty of good reading in Mr. BALFOUR's speeches, but there is one passage in his speech at Manchester which will have more interest for all to whom politics mean something more than mere platform wrangling than anything else that he said. Not, of course, that Mr. BALFOUR can avoid mingling in the *mêlée* of disputation, or that the part he plays in it is by any means a superfluous one. Well able as he is to handle the weapons of ridicule and rebuke, and easy as it would be for him to retort in kind, or rather in better kind, on the irrelevant abuse or pinchbeck epigram which form so much of the stuff of Gladstonian speeches, the CHIEF SECRETARY, nevertheless, abstains from doing so. He has evidently made it a rule never to enter into personal controversy, except with the object of exposing some "mendacious calumny" or other of Parnellite invention and Gladstonian adoption. To be sure, that is enough in itself to give him plenty of occupation, and indeed, were it not that Mr. BALFOUR acts on the wise plan of making a collection of these spurious coins, and nailing them to the counter in batches instead of singly, he would have to pass the greater part of his life on the platform. The work he has thus set himself is undoubtedly a necessary one, and he performed it at Manchester as usual in a thoroughly workmanlike manner. A particularly agreeable example of Mr. BALFOUR's style was his exposure of those profound Gladstonian jurists who had been protesting against the employment of "that old and rusty weapon furnished up anew for the purposes of 'tyranny,' the Act of EDWARD III., under which many persons in Ireland have been recently bound over to be of good behaviour. Little suspecting that this old and rusty weapon had been kept shining with all the polish of perpetual attrition, in the hands of English magistrates and justices of the peace from time immemorial, Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, a "gentleman who has a great passion for Parliamentary returns," applied to the Government for a return of the number of persons proceeded against under that statute—an application which has resulted in his being informed that they are to be numbered by thousands. So that Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE's return may be packed up in a neat parcel along with the famous return moved for by Sir WILFRID LAWSON, with the intention of showing that the increase of sentences on appeal was unprecedented, and with the result of showing that it was not at all uncommon; and the parcel may be inscribed with the words "The 'Fruits of Indiscreet Curiosity.'"

There is matter for pleasing reflection, too, in Mr. BALFOUR's remarks on Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's lamentations over the state of County Donegal, and the mourner's unlucky ignorance of the responsibility thereof of the energetic Mr. KELLY, a gentleman whom Mr. GLADSTONE's mild Government deemed it necessary to imprison for six months without trial, but against whom the minions of the Oriental despotism under which the country now groans have obtained a conviction and sentence by regular process of law. We must, however, quit these not uninteresting though personal passages in Mr. BALFOUR's speech, to turn to that which is the true centre of interest from the political as distinguished from the polemical point of view. We mean, of course, the CHIEF SECRETARY's report of progress in Ireland. His report, it may be objected, was on this point sure to be, was bound to be, favourable; and that no doubt is true to the extent that any utterance on such a subject from a Minister in Mr. BALFOUR's position must necessarily be hopeful. Even if disappointed with

the results of his policy, he would, of course, know that any avowal of his disappointment would tend to perpetuate it, and that the first step to success in almost anything is to appear confident of attaining it. But everybody, or every experienced student of political oratory, knows the ring of those cheerful commonplaces with which a Minister puts a good face on disappointment; and it is equally well known that, as a matter of prudence no less than of principle, no conscientious Minister ever goes beyond such commonplaces when he is inwardly dissatisfied with the state of affairs. He certainly does not use the language of Mr. BALFOUR's "perfectly clear and unequivocal answer," as he described it, to the question whether the policy that has been pursued in Ireland has been productive of the good results which had been hoped. "Every expectation," said the CHIEF SECRETARY, "which in my most sanguine moments I ever ventured to frame with regard to the results, the happy results, that might follow from a firm administration of the law in Ireland, and from the course of remedial legislation which we have begun, though we have not finished—every such expectation, I say, has been fulfilled, and more than fulfilled." The progress of Ireland, Mr. BALFOUR went on to say, had been steady and continuous; and he added the significant remark, for which we have no doubt he has derived plenty of warrant from his own observation, that even those who hold Home Rule opinions, "if they be men who are engaged in any business which requires the maintenance of public confidence, rejoice in their hearts, and sometimes venture to rejoice openly that the majesty of the law has been vindicated." Plenty of evidence to the same effect is within the reach of those who have not access to Mr. BALFOUR's special sources of information. One of the most noticeable proofs of improvement in Ireland is the difficulty which the agitators now experience in getting together any effective following. Audiences no doubt they can find easily enough, and will always be able to find easily enough in that country; but their hearers evidently listen now without being moved to any sort of action. It would even seem that they are not more than momentarily excited by the agitator's eloquence, and that the species of vague popular ferment which he found no difficulty in exciting some time ago, he now appears quite unable to raise. No doubt it would be a mistake to attach too much importance to this fact as evidence of a genuine change of Irish feeling; for of course it is due in some measure to a change in the attitude of the public on this side of St. George's Channel. The Irishman has throughout his history played persistently to the English gallery, and when the gallery has become indifferent the player naturally grows spiritless. The mere fact, however, of the subsidence of the agitation is the main thing. The cause of that subsidence is a secondary consideration, and indeed it would be enough in any case, so far as the Unionist contention is concerned, to have shown that the pretence of Irish discontent is abandoned as soon as the English public seems no longer capable of being taken in by it.

The conviction of the prisoner COLL of the minor offence of manslaughter for his share in the savage attack upon the ill-fated Inspector MARTIN is satisfactory in more ways than one. It showed, on the one hand, that the Maryborough jury was prepared, in defiance of the disgraceful hectoring of the Parnellite press, to do their duty fearlessly; and, on the other hand, that they were as ready as any English jury could possibly have been to give the prisoner the benefit of any reasonable doubt. As a matter of fact, indeed, we think it quite possible that twelve Englishmen, trying the case in an English assize court, might find more difficulty in seeing their way to an acquittal of COLL on the count for murder. That he was an active participator in the cowardly maltreatment of the deceased officer was proved beyond dispute, and there can be no doubt that his moral bloodguiltiness (to use a word which Mr. GLADSTONE seems now to have forgotten the meaning of) was little, if at all, less than that of the ruffians, whoever they were, who actually battered the unhappy man to death. Under such circumstances it is not always easy to get a jury to recognize the somewhat fine distinction between moral and legal responsibility. In COLL's case the distinction has been recognized, and that fact alone is a sufficient answer to the envenomed abuse which has been heaped upon the ATTORNEY-GENERAL in connexion with the stale and ridiculous charge of jury-packing. It is noticeable that this accusation has hitherto been heard only from the irresponsible scribes of the Parnellite persuasion, and has

not as yet been re-echoed by any English politician who has had official acquaintance with the administration of the criminal law in Ireland. Probably, however, the silence in these quarters is only temporary. We fully expect before these trials are over to hear the cry against "jury-packing" taken up by Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN or Mr. MORLEY; though both of them must be perfectly well aware that at no trial held under their rule in Ireland was it ever found possible for the Crown to obtain an impartial and independent jury without a liberal exercise of the right of challenge. Much as they might have preferred in those days to impanel a jury against whom not even Parnellite malice could allege that their prejudices would predispose them to a conviction, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN and Mr. MORLEY well knew that this was the only alternative to impanelling a jury who by their fears or their partisanship were not merely predisposed but pledged to an acquittal. Under these circumstances it would have been fully admitted in those days by either of the two Chief Secretaries in question that the Crown prosecutor would be wanting to his duty if he did not challenge every jurymen reasonably suspected of entering the box to register a foregone conclusion. But neither of these two eminent men will be able, we fear, to evade the duty of denouncing the system which they themselves administered, if orders to that effect are issued to them from the Parnellite headquarters.

INCOMPATIBLES IN THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE County Council was engaged on Tuesday—not for the first, and probably not for the last, time—in showing how hard it is to reconcile business and sentiment when money has to be spent in getting work done. Its task, from the business point of view, was a simple one enough. It had to decide whether it should accept two tenders recommended by one of its own Committees. The first, sent in by Messrs. W. BRASS & SON, London, was "for the execution of the works for the extension of Cane Hill Asylum for the sum of 79,763*l*." The second came from Mr. E. GABBUTT, of Liverpool, and was "for the execution of the work of erecting the superstructure of the Asylum at Claybury, for the sum of 337,945*l*." If the Council had thought only of business, its course would have been clear. On this supposition, its Committee would already have considered the solvency of these firms and the guarantees they offered. The Council would have had no more to do than to confirm the recommendation of the Committee. If, on the other hand, the Council wishes to make all London workmen happy, and intends to sink business, its course would be, we do not say so easy, but at least comparatively clear. It would have announced that it meant to have such and such amounts of work done for such and such high rates of pay—and then it might have set about bringing in the millennium at the expense of the ratepayers.

The County Council, however, took neither of these courses fully. It showed its wish both to consult the natural wish of ratepayers not to spend money, and also to satisfy the equally human liking of workmen for the enjoyment of regular work and high wages irrespective of the state of the market. The tender of Messrs. BRASS & SON was referred back to the Committee on the ground that this firm was able to offer good terms because it paid low wages. Mr. BURNS, who moved the amendment, made a host of allegations, which have since been denied by the contractors, and on the charges made by him the tender was, if not rejected, at least hung up for the present. So far the County Council would appear to have gone on the rule that business is *not* business. But then the tender of Mr. E. GABBUTT came on for consideration, and was opposed by Mr. BURNS on grounds quite consistent with his former amendment. He complained that Mr. GABBUTT is a Liverpool man, that he would employ Liverpool men, that the money paid him would go to Liverpool to the detriment of London workmen. In short, Mr. BURNS laid down the great and generally acceptable principle that the County Council should keep its own fish-guts for its own sea-mews. He met with a considerable amount of support. A friendly reporter credited Mr. D. H. MACFARLANE with the sensible remark that, if London work is kept for Londoners, country work will be kept for countrymen, which in conceivable circumstances might be awkward. Mr. D. H. MACFARLANE has

written to deny that he deviated into business considerations to this extent. As a matter of fact, he asserted his belief that London money should be kept for London men. But the County Council had apparently had sufficient sentiment for one day, and accepted the Liverpool tender. It is to be noted that, whereas one of the charges made against Messrs. BRASS & SON was that their tender was too low, Mr. E. GABBUTT's was complained of for not being low enough. These two decisions, and the discussions which preceded them, make an appreciable addition to the already considerable mass of evidence we possess as to the value of the present County Council as an administrative body. They are utterly incoherent. It is surely unnecessary to insist on the character of some of the remarks made about the firm of Messrs. BRASS & SON. The immunity which his position gives a County Councillor will become an intolerable nuisance if his language is not to be restrained by some regard for courtesy. A more important consideration for ratepayers than the manners of the County Council is its method of doing business. What that is, the transactions of Tuesday show—or rather they show that it has no method at all. One considerable section of the Council is openly anxious to administer on the principle that all money raised in London should be spent primarily for the benefit of the London workmen alone, without the slightest regard for other ratepayers. They would sacrifice alike efficiency and economy for the sake of their clients. This section, indeed, by the sentiment or the incapacity of others, gets its way till it is checked for a moment by a reaction to common sense. Then it secures the upper hand again, and so the Council sways from side to side. The result of such confusion can only be in the long run the maximum of extravagance and inefficiency.

HOMERIC BLUNDERS.

IT has often been noticed that style is catching, and an Homeric critic may be expected, if he can do no better, to blunder on an Homeric scale. Mr. WHITE, the author of the unusually copious and minute *Life of Homer* which was noticed in the *Saturday Review* last week, points out to us that his critic has not failed in this portion of his duties. He makes Mr. WHITE speak of KLEANAX as the father, not the guardian, of HOMER's misguided mother, and of KRITHEIS, not PHEMIUS, as his schoolmaster. Mr. WHITE perfectly accurately gave those respectable persons their proper titles of relationship. By an error which may, perhaps, be called an Homeric slip of the pen, Mr. WHITE is made to say "300" years, when he really said 3,000. But nobody, we trust, could have been misled by this. Nobody could suppose that Mr. WHITE really meant to say that HOMER wrote his poems in 1589 A.D. Mr. WHITE explicitly remarks that HOMER died 2,842 years ago, so it is not in nature that he should have been so *serus studiorum* as to begin composing in 1589 A.D.

The third error, according to Mr. WHITE, is where the *Saturday Review* speaks of the "riddle of the fleas." "Fleas are not lobsters, damn their souls," says (we think) Sir JOSEPH BANKS. These Homeric insects, whereof the fishers kept what they could not catch, and threw away what they did capture, were not fleas either, says Mr. WHITE. Mr. WHITE calls them "sacred insects whose name, in this "queer England of ours, it is not lawful to utter." Does he mean lice? and if so, why does he not say so? The courtly LARCHER calls the insects *vermine*. "Après avoir "long-temps balancé, si je ne proscrirois ce terme, j'ai "pensé qu'on pouvoit recevoir dans une traduction une "pression que l'usage ne permettroit pas dans un ouvrage "original. Si par délicatesse on vient aussi à proscrire "ces expressions dans les traductions, on n'aura plus que "les équivalens." Well, the insects were not fleas. What they were may be gathered from the original, and, of course, absurdly apocryphal life of HOMER: καθήμενοι δὲ ἐν γῇ ἐφ' ὀπίσσω.

We present Mr. WHITE with the accents; his Greek, as a rule, is, like that of ladies, "without the accents." So Mrs. BROWNING described the Greek of a sex now so learned. And now we hope we have done Mr. WHITE full justice. The truth is that Homeric scholars no longer look on the pseudo-Herodotean *Life of Homer* as a book which concerns them more than the "History of Jack the Giant Killer." Neither the modern editions of HOMER nor of HERODOTUS include it, as a rule, and people are

not expected to be interested in the statement that an Egyptian lady called PHANTASIA wrote the books from which HOMER procured the substance of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Thus it is difficult for the best-conducted pen not to stagger a little, "like drunken men," as Mr. WHITE says, in trying to understand an Homeric critic who seems to believe in the Herodotean *Life*, who calls Dr. HAYMAN "HAYSMAN," and who spells the name of the learned NITZSCH in a manner unprecedented among the learned. However, Mr. WHITE's *Life of Homer* can richly supply the reader with native curiosities, and we trust that nobody has accused him of not knowing all about the entomology of Arcadian vermin, and all that has been narrated concerning PHEMIUS, and KLEANAX, and the rest of them.

As Dr. GARNETT has lately been reconsidering the problem of Homeric translation, it may not be uninteresting to give an example of Mr. WHITE's performance. Of all translators he most reminds us of Dr. MAGINN:—

The quarrel of Ulysses
And Achilles, son of Thetis,
How once they quarrel'd at the feast
Of the immortal de'ties.

While 'Trides chuckled to himself,
"I wish they'd come to blows,"
And thus began, by Heaven's deep scheme,
Of Greece and Troy the woes.

FRAPPEZ TOUJOURS.

SOON after the Dockers' Strike came to an end Mr. GLADSTONE said a few words on the subject—a few words, but well worth considering and well worth remembering. In effect, they expressed the speaker's deep satisfaction that Labour had at last found a way of forcing its demands upon Capital. To his mind, one inference from the story of the London strike was clearly this:—In future, the working classes of this country intend "to make common cause" of the general desire for higher wages and shorter hours of work. "Labouring men," he said, "have learned to adjust the machinery by means of "which Labour can act in the mass;" and the natural result of such an adjustment must be "greater efficiency of the "power of Labour in its competition with Capital." In Mr. GLADSTONE's opinion "the lesson had been learned "from Ireland." Watching the operation of the Parnellite Leagues, the working classes had seen what might be done by "people in different parts of the country, who have no "connexion with each other, in assisting for a common "object what they believe may be vital to all."

Of course there was no originality in these observations, except in one particular. Till Mr. GLADSTONE spoke no one had ever suggested that resort to combination-strikes had been learned from Ireland; and we are at liberty to doubt whether that was precisely what Mr. GLADSTONE meant to insinuate. He has a great admiration for the processes—call them "extra legal," if you will—by which the Irish conspiracy has worked; and it is easier to believe that he wished to point them out to Mr. BURNS for imitation than that he intended to express the absurd opinion that Trades-Union combinations were never thought of till the Land League was founded. As for the rest, the prospect which Mr. GLADSTONE rejoiced in was no discovery of his own. It never occurred to anybody else that if society is likely to be disturbed by combination-strikes extending half over the country, the trick had been learned from Ireland. But it was obvious to all of us that labouring men were learning "to adjust the machinery by means of which Labour can "act in the mass;" and that we, too, might presently see what could be done "by people in different parts of the "country, who have no connexion with each other, in assisting for a common object what they believe may be vital "to all."

Since the conclusion of the London strike, and even since Mr. GLADSTONE proclaimed a patronage which no doubt will become more marked as the time for the general election draws nigh, there has been an unending agitation for better wages and more leisure all through the country. We do not say that in every case, or even that in most cases, the agitation has been unreasonable. However that may be, there has been a good deal of compliance, though it must not be ascribed to one cause alone. No doubt the explanation of it is a sense of social terrorism on the one hand, and, on the other, ability to pay out more wages on account of general improvement in trade. So far, however, these strikes have not been worked on the combination

system which peculiarly marked the Dock Strike, and which Mr. GLADSTONE recommends for general adoption. In spite of what is reported from Bristol, where the dockers are "out," of making "common cause" there has been little. It is more than likely, however, that, if this remark were addressed to Mr. BURNS, he would reply with a fervid exhortation to patience, and a promise that before long we should see what we should see. There can be no doubt that he is a shrewd and careful manager, though not unapt to blunder when he becomes excited. He has obtained enormous influence amongst working people; and he is evidently bent on establishing a Trades-Union Syndicate, which is not the less likely to succeed if it continues to receive the support of that distinguished economist Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. BURNS has his plans, and his idea seems to be to found them on a basis of union amongst two great bodies of working-class people—the servants of the Post-Office, and the 360,000 men who are employed on the railways. He may not succeed in doing much with either; but, when the numbers and the particular employment of these two bodies of working-men are considered, it becomes manifest at once that no better choice could be made as a foundation for his and Mr. GLADSTONE's Labour League. On Sunday afternoon there was a meeting of some two thousand men—mostly railway servants—in Battersea Park, the business of the meeting being to support the newly-formed General Railway Workers Union. Mr. BURNS was there and said several impressive things. Experience had taught him, he remarked, that one and only one union for each trade was desirable; it was, indeed, the only principle upon which complete and thorough organization could be secured. Each union should control its own funds, elect, instruct, and dismiss its own officials. Then, when each class of workpeople had its union so constituted, they might all be federated under one committee of council; the business of which should be "to see how the interests of Trade-Unionists, as Trade-Unionists, could best be protected and permanently improved." Here is the scheme complete. This is how to adjust the machinery by means of which Labour can act in the mass upon any particular point. Establish a Union for every trade; delegate a member of every Trades-Union Committee to a federal Council; make it the business of this Council not only to protect the interests of Unionism generally, but to bring the whole weight of the federation to bear upon this or that order of employers, and it will be impossible for Capital to haggle much over what Mr. GLADSTONE calls "a fair principle of division of the fruits of labour." That principle will be settled by the Council; though not, Mr. BURNS would doubtless tell us, in such a way as to reduce Capital to downright despair. As to the means of compulsion, Mr. BURNS does not shrink from stating them quite frankly. There is no such Trades-Union Federation yet as he proposes; but he warns the Directors of the London, Brighton, and South-Coast Railway Company that, though they may reject their servants' petition for more rest and better wages to-day, they "will not reject it six months hence, when the system is blocked, when financiers from the City cannot go down to Brighton by the 5 o'clock express, and when the traffic is dislocated." Give Mr. BURNS his Federation, and the railway system would be equally blocked, or postal delivery suspended, or the gas put out over an appointed area, if any considerable body of master barbers or bootmakers ventured on contumacy.

We are not to make up our minds yet awhile that these delightful plans will be carried out, or even that they will obtain any substantial footing. But it is evident that a sturdy attempt will be made to push them through; while, on the other hand, it is vain to suppose that the most convincing representations as to the utter ruin of trade thirty years hence will weigh much with the labourer of to-day. Undertake to show that it must be ruined three years hence, and he will listen to you, no doubt; but in nine cases out of ten he cares no more for the generations to come than for the generations that are gone. Still, he might hesitate if no mere economist, if no mere business pedant or political Conservative, but a great popular leader or two warned him against the prodigious destructive tyranny that Mr. BURNS proposes to create. But where is the great popular leader to tell the "workers" a little wholesome truth in this matter? One there is, who, believing himself the greatest, best, and wisest of all, is taken at his own valuation by tens of thousands of working-men; but he lends his word and his name to Mr. BURNS. He is foremost in exhorting them to "adjust the

"machinery by which labour can act in the mass," and, when the machinery has been adjusted, to bring it to bear on obstinate employers after the fashion of the Irish Leagues in dealing with landlords. And none of Mr. GLADSTONE's friends have uttered a word against the tenor of his suggestions and his counsel.

THINGS COLONIAL AND INTERCOLONIAL.

IT is the good fortune of the Colonies, and notably of Australia, to enjoy a degree of quiet prosperity which does not supply much matter for comment. Their internal affairs we do not consider ourselves competent either to understand or control, and of foreign affairs they have very little. No doubt there are well-known exceptions to the rule; but it obtains none the less. Moreover, when their doings do touch us, it is apt to be in a way which it is melancholy to touch upon—and futile to complain of. We are interested, no doubt, in a passage of Victorian Parliamentary history lately reported. It does concern us that the already severe protective tariff of Victoria should be made more prohibitive than before. Makers of hats, whose goods are taxed on arriving at Melbourne, may be concerned to learn that the duty on each will be five shillings instead of four. Exporters of "quilts—sewn, cosies, and cushions," may be displeased to hear that their goods must pay thirty percent. *ad valorem* duty, instead of the twenty which Mr. PATTERSON, Chief Commissioner of Customs, had proposed to impose on them. But, however little they may like this, they can hardly hope to do any good by making, or listening to, remarks about the policy which commends itself to the majority in Victoria. The colony has the right to impose a protective tariff if it pleases, and it does please. Protests are idle. A long experience has shown that the mind which comes spontaneously to the conclusion that it is better to have everything dear for the sake of the seller will never take in the propositions which appear self-evident to the mind which holds that, in the ideal state, everything should be cheap for the sake of the consumer. Neither do we know that there is much novelty in the spectacle presented by the Victorian Ministry, which brought in a tariff and then gave it up when the opposition looked too strong. Mr. ZOX, of Melbourne, who remarked that when a "Government comes down with a policy it should be adhered to," laid down a doctrine occasionally heard of in the House of Commons in not altogether dissimilar circumstances. But the Ministry did not mean to come down.

The water difficulty which has arisen between New South Wales and Victoria is, as a political question, more remote from our experience. As a private quarrel it is common enough. Victoria has, in fact, been tapping the Murray for purposes of irrigation, which, as the *Times* Correspondent justly observes, not only means water, but a great deal of it. New South Wales, finding the industrious sister colony running away with its water, has protested. The quarrel is a pretty one. In those benighted times when the Colonial Office did not show a lively comprehension of Australian interests—partly, it may be, because there were no Australian interests in particular to know—the Murray was assigned to New South Wales. This monstrous blunder on the part of the Power without which there never would have been any New South Wales or Victoria to quarrel about water, or tax the produce of the nation which created them, is, it seems, the root of all the trouble. For, as the Murray runs through New South Wales, the "New South Walesers" hold that the water is theirs. But, as several of the affluents rise in Victoria, the Victorians tap them. Now the water which is tapped at the sources of the affluents cannot also run into the river. Further, the Murray is but a narrow river at all places, and in summer is apt to run underground, if it goes on running at all. When the Victorians take its supplies away for their own selfish purposes, there remains all the less for the New South Welshmen. These last protest and insist on getting their river back again. Here, as we have said, are the materials of a quarrel. As between private persons it would, we imagine, be held that the fault lies with Victoria. You must not go to the source of your neighbour's water-supply and drain it away, to the detriment of his mill and the diminution of his washing and drinking water. But there may be some difficulty in treating either New South Wales or Victoria

as private persons. If the case comes, as apparently it will, before the Colonial Office or the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, it may be easy enough to decide that one party or other is in the right; but how is the award to be enforced? Can Victoria be compelled to destroy its irrigation works? and, if not, how is New South Wales to get back the water? Nations have fought on a smaller quarrel. Victoria and the neighbouring colony will probably not go so far as blows, but they may very conceivably come to more unfriendly words. Let us hope that it will go no further, and that nothing will happen to disturb the prosperity which has enabled Victorian workmen to subscribe 16,000*l.* in a few days to support a strike which might have brought more immigrants among them to compete for wages. This form of the interest they continue to take in the old country was at least more intelligent, and a hundred thousand times more mannerly, than the hissing at the QUEEN's name which disgraced the mass meeting of sympathy at Melbourne.

South Africa is a part of our colonial possessions which most assuredly secures abundant notice; and for the best of reasons—not the least of them being this, that it is precisely the portion of the Empire in which we have committed the most, and the most scandalous, blunders. According to reports, which appear to be not unfounded, we are about to be guilty of another. It is said that Swaziland is about to be handed over to the Boers. The first comment which a story of this sort suggests takes the form of the question, What conceivable reason can there be for handing Swaziland over to the Boers? There are considerations of honour and interest which forbid that it should be done. We have helped to disorganize the Swazi organization such as it is. Englishmen have formed a large part, or even the majority, of the adventurers who have swarmed into the country, have besotted its King with bad spirits, fomented its quarrels, and filched its substance. It will be a peculiar infamy if we now hand the unhappy people over to masters who regard them as immeasurably inferior to their cattle. Then it will be utterly disgraceful if, after allowing the Boers to impound a part of Zululand, we further permit them to seize this country. Again, it is not our interest to allow more of the country on the road to the Zambesi to pass under foreign control. The argument that Swaziland is surrounded by the Transvaal on three sides and is not immediately accessible from British territory is absurd. Its eastern border is Amatongaland, and it is perfectly competent for us to assume the protectorate of the Amatongas. They are willing that we should do so, and it is our interest to satisfy them, for their country lies on the coast, and is on the road to the interior which is being opened by the new African Company. It is no small consideration that Swaziland is well supplied with minerals and coals, which make it worth having. Finally, there is something in the fact that, according to the last reports, the English seem to be for the moment, at least, the ruling faction among the white adventurers who are scrambling for the country. But if all these and other reasons which could be alleged were wanting, there would still be a very satisfactory reason for not making the Boers this or any other present. It is contained, as we have already said, in the question, What are we to gain by such a piece of generosity? There is no reason whatever why we should give the Boers anything for nothing. There can hardly be any one who doubts that nothing is exactly the price we should receive for this gift, or for the Isle of Wight either. It is midsummer madness to believe that the Boers would attribute our concession to any motive but fear or weakness, or would take it in any other light than as an encouragement for further demands. The measure would, therefore, be barren of any good. If, again, it is supposed that the English immigration which is pouring into the Transvaal will shortly swamp the Boers, and so relieve us of their hostility, the concession is superfluous. An English majority would be, by position and race, friendly to the Empire, and it has no interest in pleasuring the Boer farmers. From any point of view, therefore, the concession is to be condemned, and we sincerely hope that nothing more will be heard of it, for the sake of the Ministry, in the first place, and then in the national interest.

SOME SPEECHES OF THE WEEK.

IT would be absolutely impossible for us—even if there were the slightest reason for supposing it worth while to attempt—to keep pace with the political oratory of the week. The panting critic would toil after it in vain—that is to say, if he were unsophisticated enough to endeavour as a matter of supposed duty to catch it up. As it is, he will be quite content if he is a judicious person to “fall out”; and though perhaps he cannot exactly “joust and let the jaw go by” altogether without note or comment, he will certainly exercise a very rigid parsimony in the selection of any specimens of it for remark. In fact, he must confine himself as far as possible to “business,” and search the speeches for any matter which is of other than a decorative or *de-decorative* character—for oratory, that is to say, which has some other object than that of showing what fine fellows the speaker and his party are, and what poor creatures the other fellows are. The application of such a rule will of course considerably lighten the critic's task. For, in the first place, it enables him to wash his hands of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT—of Sir GEORGE, who apparently went to Fraserburgh to tell the Fraserburghers how shamefully Lord HARTINGTON had “surpassed the limits of political controversy” in remarking that Mr. GLADSTONE had broken up his party; and of Sir WILLIAM, who was invited to appear in his celebrated part of DEBORAH (with a song) before the National Liberal Club, and performed with his usual spirit. If we linger by his side for a moment longer, it is only to remark how delightful it is to hear Mr. GLADSTONE's somewhat Home Secretary talking of “WILLIAM O'BRIEN”—just as he will soon perhaps be prattling in the same familiar style of “PAT FORD” and “good old JOHN DEVON.” We suppose Mr. O'BRIEN likes, or, at any rate, doesn't much mind, these endearments; but, we confess, we sometimes expect one of these gentlemen to turn upon Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT with the protest of the indignant advocate against the too elaborate civilities of a certain witness of doubtful reputation, “Don't ‘dear sir’ me, my good man; I hate these sudden friendships.”

There was a little, but very little, more in what Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN had to say to the Aberdonians, before whom he appeared in company with Mr. LABOUCHERE; but, unfortunately for him, his irrepressible companion's observations rather detracted from the effect of his own. Mr. LABOUCHERE is certainly not the most appropriate of speakers to “follow on the same side” when you are endeavouring to show that the policy of the Liberal party is one of genuine and spontaneous Liberalism, and not of Radicalism, forced down the reluctant Liberal throat. “With you, Mr. LABOUCHERE,” is not the most felicitous endorsement of a brief for the defence of the Gladstonians as against the charge of advocating and supporting “dangerous” and “extravagant fads.” In this case the junior, if, indeed, we may call him so, considerably hampered his leader in the construction of his argument, and promptly knocked the bottom out of it when it was completed. It would not, of course, do for Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN to admit, in Mr. LABOUCHERE's presence, that there was any large section of Liberals who “regarded the advanced programme of ‘the party with suspicion and alarm’”; and he was therefore shut up to the proof of the proposition that there was not, is not, nor ever could be, anything in that advanced programme which answered to the description of a “dangerous and extravagant fad.” With what success he attempted this the very nature of the enterprise is sufficient to declare; but had he been tenfold more successful than he was, Mr. LABOUCHERE would have taken the shine out of the success. “The Tories,” said that master of innocent malice, “asserted that the tail had now begun to wag the ‘Liberal dog.’” They said this because their creed was that “the people should sit still and be thankful for anything they could get, and not move at all themselves in the way ‘of progress.’ But that was not the Radical creed. The ‘Radical creed was that the dog must wag the tail, and the ‘business of the tail was to see that the dog wagged in the ‘right direction.’” This is an unusual function for a tail, and one which, whatever may be the case in politics, has no analogue, that we are aware of, in animal life. The Radical who thus modestly disclaims through Mr. LABOUCHERE all pretensions to directing the Liberal party in any other sense than that it is not to stir a foot in any direction other than that which the aforesaid Radical presents to it, may, we think, be very well contented with the position.

Whether Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN and the other Front Bench gentlemen have as good reason to be contented with theirs it is not for us to say.

LORD SPENCER is one of those colleagues of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's in Mr. GLADSTONE's last Administration (which Sir GEORGE quitted for some reason or other which we cannot now recall) who prefer to talk about Irish rather than English politics. The taste, we cannot but think, is in Lord SPENCER's case a little morbid; but it is not without example in those forms of mental malady in which the sufferer's mind seems to brood perpetually over matters which one would have expected him to be more anxious than any one else in the world to forget. His remarks on the Home Rule scheme, and on the shape originally taken by it, contain, however, one point of considerable interest. Lord SPENCER, it appears, "full well remembers" that, when the subject of Home Rule was being first discussed, it was "taken as a matter of course among those whom he saw, and they were among the leaders of the party, that the Irish members should be retained. That was probably before the Cabinet was formed. It was only on discussion, and after hearing opinions from various people, that they were excluded as they were excluded by Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill." Lord SPENCER's account of what was "taken for granted" will, indeed, be a surprise to the public. For, if men were more sick of any one argument for Separation than of another, it was the argument that the concession of a separate Legislature to Ireland would set the English Parliament free to do its own work without let or hindrance from Irish obstruction. However, assuming Lord SPENCER's historical retrospect to be accurate, it presents us a very pleasing picture of the process by which Mr. GLADSTONE's "great scheme of constructive legislation" grew to that condition of final completeness which has since induced him to demolish it altogether, and to inform his countrymen that he is willing to rebuild it, if they like, on totally different lines. The process, it appears, was as follows:—First, Mr. GLADSTONE and his fellow-statesmen "took it for granted" that the Irish members ought to be retained. Then they had had "some discussion" and heard opinions; and thereupon they decided that the Irish members should be excluded. Then they had some more discussion, and heard some more opinions, and they came to the conclusion that the Irish members should be retained. And now we are all waiting to see whether, after more "discussing" with people who want, like Mr. MORLEY, to get rid of the Irish members, and more opinions from persons who, like Professor FREEMAN, are indisposed to restore the Heptarchy, Mr. GLADSTONE and the other statesmen will not come round yet again to the views embodied in the Home Rule theory that the Irish members ought to be excluded. Lord SPENCER had better not be too rash in committing himself to the defence of either position. Better were it to await the time when Mr. GLADSTONE may condescend to inform them which horse he means to ride. But that will not be, in all probability, till the very eve of the race.

MR. JOHN BALL.

IN Mr. JOHN BALL we have lost one of the most active and successful pioneers of a branch of physical exploration, combined with healthful and fascinating adventure, which was in its infancy when he was in his youthful vigour. He lived to see it flourishing in every part of Europe, and it is hardly too much to say that this change was, in great part, due to his own labour and example. The development of mountaineering and scientific mountain topography within the last thirty or forty years, not one of the least remarkable developments of modern enterprise, must always be associated with the name of JOHN BALL. He was a mountaineer, and, what is more, a mountain traveller of wide and varied experience, long before the mountains of Europe had been opened to the general travelling public by high-roads, railways, well-appointed inns, trained guides, and all the luxurious apparatus now implied in the mention of Alpine excursions. It was in 1858 that Mr. JOHN BALL was elected to be the first President of the Alpine Club, as the person clearly indicated for that office by familiarity with the regions of the Club's operations. He was a searcher-out of nature, not a seeker of isolated difficulties to be overcome by feats of climbing; but his general knowledge of the great ranges, as it was then unequalled, has probably never yet been surpassed—if, indeed, it has been approached—among mountaineers of a newer

generation. In the words of the late Mr. LONGMAN, himself one of the founders of the Club, Mr. BALL "possessed an extraordinary acquaintance with every portion of the Alpine chain, having crossed the main chain forty-eight times by thirty-two different passes, besides traversing nearly one hundred of the lateral passes. This extensive experience subsequently bore fruit in the *Alpine Guide*."

There is certainly no injustice to the living in doubting whether any one is left who can claim to fill Mr. BALL's place in this kind of encyclopædic Alpine wisdom; for we can hardly apply the name learning to an intimate knowledge derived from first-hand observation. Mr. TUCKER, unlikely as he would be to make any such claim for himself, is probably the one on whom most mountaineers would fall. And the cause of Alpine exploration, as distinguished from (though by no means inconsistent with, and indeed including) the athletic recreation of climbing, is well represented by some who, though born in a younger generation than Mr. BALL's, began their training betimes in the old school. Mr. FRESHFIELD, we understand, has brought home a good account of work done in the Caucasus this summer, work of a kind thoroughly on the lines of the founders of the Alpine Club who still had the unconquered Alps of Switzerland before them. Mr. BALL's working days were over some time since, but his removal leaves a blank which will be felt wherever mountain exploration is pursued and honoured.

As to the *Alpine Guide*, it were superfluous to praise it. Rapid as are the changes in matter which guide-books ought to take note of, Mr. BALL's book, or rather series of books, contains so much that is of permanent scientific value that it must long be a classic in its department. At the same time, we would suggest to the Alpine Club that there could be no more fitting tribute to the memory of its first President than a new edition of his *Guide*, thoroughly revised in the spirit in which he would have revised it himself, and issued under the authority of the Club.

Mr. BALL's figure and manner will not easily be forgotten by those who knew him. He combined a presence both winning and dignified with the charm of old-fashioned courtesy, and was always ready with frank and generous approval for the triumphs of younger men in his old hunting-grounds. We do not think he ever became involved in a controversy; he certainly escaped the personal controversies from which the history of Alpine physics and of mountaineering has unhappily not been free. He leaves an example fit to be fully and sincerely commended to the lovers of the Alps who still rejoice in their youth.

TAUROMACHIE IN PARIS.

WHETHER the Moors did a good work when, as some authorities have it, they introduced bull-fighting into Spain about the middle of the eleventh century or not is a question upon which, no doubt, opinions are widely divergent. The young Spanish nobles took up the Moorish sport with an enthusiasm which soon made bull-fighting the national pastime of the Peninsula, and it remains to be seen whether the similar enthusiasm which even the curtailed performances of the *Plaza de Toros* in the Rue Pergolèse have elicited from the *blâs* Parisians may be taken to indicate the permanent adoption of the Spanish sport. Certainly it is evident that the builders of the colossal arena and the surrounding stables and corrals meant the buildings they erected to last longer than the season of the Great Exhibition of 1889. The sign-manual of the jerry-builder is conspicuous by its absence. The "museum," that faces the Rue Pergolèse, and through which one reaches the galleries above the corrals, is a great, lofty building, with a wide gallery running round the walls at the top of a broad staircase. Down below is the magnificent Court chariot, the panels emblazoned with coats of arms, in which the two *caballeros en plaza* make their first entry into the arena in the opening procession. In this detail the Parisians are more fortunate than the Spaniards; for it is only at the royal fêtes, given in Spain for either the marriage of the king or the birth of an heir to the throne, that the *caballeros en plaza* appear. They are always young men of good family, and may be said to be the representatives of the former days, when bull-fighting was the pastime of only the *grands seigneurs*. The Emperor Charles V. himself condescended to appear in the bull-ring on the occasion of the birth of his son Philip II.; and until the days of Louis XIV.'s grandson, the Duc d'Anjou, who set his face against bull-fighting, the sport had remained entirely in the hands of the nobility. But no amount of royal frowns were sufficient to displace bull-fighting in the affections of the people of Spain; and when the nobles gradually gave up the arena the "professionals" began to make their appearance therein. The greatest of these, whose

names still live in the affections of their countrymen, were the two famous *toreros* of the last century, Francisco Romero and Castillares. The former of these was the first man who fought and killed the bull on foot; up to that time all the men in the ring were mounted. The particular style of fighting practised by Romero is still continued in the Ronda school, and is known as *torero fino*, being distinguished by its elegance, quietness, and grace. The rival school of Seville was founded in 1830 by order of Ferdinand VII.

It is only on visiting a museum and corrals, such as those at the Rue Pergolèse, that a distinct idea can be obtained of the importance of the sport from the Spaniard's point of view, and of the consequent care and attention which is lavished upon every detail. The upper gallery of the great hall is adorned with trophies of *banderillas*, bunches of wide ribbons (the *divisas* or colours of the various breeders of fighting-bulls, which the bull wears on his shoulder when he arrives in the arena), the various dresses of the *matadores*, *banderilleros*, *picadores*, and *chulos*; the first glorious with gold embroidery of so heavy and valuable a description that 150*l.* is no uncommon price for a full *matador* costume. The *banderilleros* confine themselves to silver embroideries; the *picadores* are encased in thick yellow buckskin; while the *chulos*, the novices in the art of *tauromachie*, are only allowed to adorn their persons in sober brown with black embroideries. The heavy saddles, with their huge Moorish stirrups, the gay trappings of the mules employed to drag out the corpses of the horses and bulls, and many other minor accessories, all figure on the walls of the museum, where are also a number of copies after Goya's pictures celebrating the exploits in the bull-ring. Passing through another room one reaches the gallery of the first corral, and from this safe vantage point one looks down on a number of bulls wandering about the vast enclosure. And here one begins to realize how different is the popular ignorant idea of bull-fighting from the reality. The accepted idea amongst Northern nations is that any bull, no matter which, the first that "happens along," is caught and turned into the ring, there to be played with, tortured, and finally killed in a cruel and brutal manner. The reality is that no breeder of thoroughbred racers is more particular about the breeding and quality of his animals than the proprietor of a Spanish *ganaderia*. By no means is every bull fit to appear in the ring; and as every bull presented to the public not only bears his breeder's colours on his shoulder, but is branded on the flank with what may be termed the breeder's trade-mark, the *ganadero* knows that his reputation is at stake should the animals he provides be slow or cowardly. He, therefore, seldom fails to be present in person at the *tienta*, or trial, which is made every year on the yearling calves. These are tried singly in a courtyard against a man on horseback armed with a pole and aided by a man on foot with a cloak. This mimic trial of the ring suffices to show the mettle of the young bull. If he is prompt and furious in his attack on his enemies, he is accepted as a worthy descendant of his illustrious race; he is branded on the flank with his breeder's mark, and his right ear is slit. From that moment he is left to roam the great pastures at his own sweet will, never seeing a man except his own herdsmen, until four or five years old, when his speed and ferocity may be said to have attained their maximum. If in this first *tienta* he proves docile, easily mastered, and of an amiable disposition, he is speedily translated to the reward of his virtues through the medium of the butcher. In spite, however, of all the breeders' precautions to ensure the courage and ferocity of their bulls, it sometimes happens that disappointments take place, and that a bull will be so bewildered by the noise of the crowd, the sight of so many people, that, instead of his becoming more furious, he is simply dazed and stupid. When this occurs the rage of the public knows no bound; for a Spanish audience at a bull-fight is one of the most curiously impartial set of sightseers that it would be possible to find. They will be as ready to applaud a brave bull who sends the *cuadrillas* flying over the barrier, as they will be to hiss their best-beloved *matador* should he happen to drop the red *muleta* in the last supreme moment when he and the bull meet face to face. It is this very uncertainty in the method of the bull's attack which is the great danger to the *matadores*, and it is with the idea of learning the minds of their coming adversaries that they never fail to be present at the *apartado*, the choosing of the bulls on the morning of the bull-fight. These men have a theory that the bull's eyes magnify to a considerable extent, which consequently enables the *toreros* to avoid the charge by slipping the least possible bit to one side; and at the *apartado* the men study the eyes and action of the bulls more than anything else. Not long since in Spain a famous *matador* was with his brethren at the *apartado* before a bull-fight in which he was to take part. The eyes of one of the bulls attracted his attention, and, after studying the animal for a few minutes, he said to one of his companions:—"That bull sees true; and, if it comes to my turn to be his *espada*, he will kill me!"—a prophecy which proved exact.

In Paris, where the bull-fights, beautiful and enthralling as they are to the simple amateurs, are looked upon as the merest child's play by the great artists of the ring, these artists seldom give themselves the trouble to assist at the *apartado*; but to the ordinary stranger a visit to the corrals on the morning of the bull-fight is recommended, if he wants really to know more about *tauromachie* than the tinsel and glitter of the ring. Around each enclosure, under the network of low galleries which connect them, is a sort of narrow passage,

separated from the enclosure by a strong brick wall, shoulder high. At close intervals in this wall are openings, just wide enough to admit a man; and that even in the corrals, where the animals are feeding peacefully, and in no way excited, it should be thought necessary to take such precautions for the safety of the few men who enter the corrals, and whom the bulls know by sight, gives one some idea of the danger so recognized. As soon as the bulls have been selected, six or eight in number, they are driven by the herdsmen on foot, and led by one or two of the tame oxen (the sheep-dogs to the fighting bulls) out of the last corral into a smaller covered one; from thence two or three will be induced to pass into the next compartment, and then they are separated and enclosed singly, each one in a sort of loose box into which the *toreros* and spectators look down from the narrow passages above. There is often much difficulty in inducing the bull to pass from one compartment to another, and then all sorts of expedients are resorted to. The enclosure is darkened in which he is, the next one flooded with daylight—a ruse that generally succeeds—and once he is through, the heavy doors, which are all opened and shut from the galleries above, close with a clang that makes *toro* wheel round and snort with bewildered rage and fury. His *mona*—the bunch of ribbons with the colours of his *ganadero*—is planted on his left shoulder, and he is passed from one box into another until he is left in one of the compartments or *chiqueros* of the *toril*, which opens on the ring. Here, in absolute darkness, he spends three or four hours, by which time the *corrida* begins, and the imprisoned bulls, their naturally amiable dispositions being aggravated by the captivity and darkness, are in the required state of frantic rage. When an animal thus trained from babyhood for fighting, as quick on his legs as a cat, as cunning as a fox, and with a strength which has become proverbial, is let loose in a ring, it is ridiculous to say, as many people do, that the odds are unequal and in favour of the men who meet him face to face. The sport of bull-fighting may have very many things to be said against it, especially amongst Northern races; but there can be no doubt that the nerve required to be a successful *espada* is of a rare and distinct quality that must be as finely tempered as a Toledo blade, and is one that merits the respect of all admirers of those somewhat rare qualities—courage and coolness and dexterity.

THE DECLINE OF COMEDY.

THE theatrical season has opened briskly enough; the doors of nearly every West-End theatre are open, and report speaks goldenly of the managerial profits; at any rate, the present autumn is as yet unmarked with any disastrous failure. It may be worth while now, while there is for the moment an abatement in the rapid succession of new plays and revivals, to glance at the various playbills and observe with what sort of fare theatrical caterers are supplying the demands of metropolitan playgoers. There are in all at the West End of London twenty-five theatres, a number now practically reduced to twenty-three, as the Olympic is closed for rebuilding and the Novelty is rarely opened for a regular dramatic season. Of these twenty-three houses, twenty-one either are now or will in a few days be open to the public; while the St. James's lacks a tenant until Mrs. Langtry occupies it, and the Vaudeville awaits Mr. Thorne's return from his country tour.

If we attempt a classification of the programmes of these twenty-one theatres from which fashionable London is this season to derive its amusement, we shall find serious "drama" and melodrama at seven houses—namely, Drury Lane, the Lyceum, Haymarket, Shaftesbury, Adelphi, Garrick, and Princess's; various forms of light musical entertainment (ranging from comic opera to burlesque) at seven others—the Prince of Wales's, Lyric, Gaiety, Savoy, Avenue, Opera Comique, and Royalty. "Farical Comedy"—otherwise farce in three acts—constitutes the attraction at four theatres, the Strand, Comedy, Court, and Toole's; at the Globe a nondescript domestic drama, imported from America, which is scarcely worth the trouble of classification, has just been produced; while at the two remaining theatres, the Criterion and Terry's, are to be found the only plays in London to which it is in any way possible to apply the name of "Comedy."

"Comedy," indeed, is in a parlous state, and in speaking of "Comedy," let us say that we refer to the delineation of men and manners, amusing without extravagance, in which the present age of the drama (which we are told to consider a palmy one) is almost entirely deficient. Of twenty-one London theatres, but two are playing pieces which can by any possibility be called comedies, and of these, one, Robertson's *Caste*, is more than twenty years old, and in no way represents the productive power of the present day, while the other, Mr. Pinero's *Sweet Lavender*, though possessing much charm, is conceived and written in too essentially bourgeois a spirit to be wholly acceptable as the solitary specimen of what a living English dramatist can achieve in the field of pure comedy. The contemporary drama runs sorely into extremes, and appears to know no mean between a gloomy tale of crime or of vice, with Scotland Yard, either expressed or understood, for its *deus ex machina*, and the athletic and even acrobatic humours of farical comedy. The historian of a future age who attempts to form a conception of us from a perusal of our contemporary drama

would imagine that our knowledge of the humours of life was confined to chasing each other in and out of doors and windows, to concealment in silly and impossible hiding-places, and generally to a line of conduct which any average public-school boy would consider beneath him as childish and absurd.

In thus pleading for the dignity of Comedy we have no desire to judge the matter by too high a standard. There are those who, when they wish to pulverize a comic dramatist, proceed to place side by side with the dialogue of their victim a few quotations from *The School for Scandal* or *She Stoops to Conquer*. This is somewhat unfair; but, without expecting our playwrights to become at one bound Sheridans and Goldsmiths, there are other writers of plays comparison with whom would probably deeply offend the highly-paid dramatists of the day, of whose work we would gladly be reminded by them. To grumble because a fresh *School for Scandal* is not yearly added to the dramatic literature of the country would be unreasonable. Sheridan only wrote two wholly admirable comedies, Goldsmith only one, and one must go back over a century to reach them. But there are other plays, to which it is not so far a cry, for the like of which we may sigh in vain nowadays. Take the works of Robertson. When written, some quarter of a century ago, they incurred (notwithstanding, or perhaps we should say in consequence of, the favour with which they were received by the general public) the displeasure of the critical and the would-be critical, because they were not something they never pretended to be. They lacked robustness; they represented an ephemeral taste, they would never live, was the cry of their censors, one of whom, in epigrammatic vein, invented for them the title of the "teacup-and-saucer drama." Well; the work of Robertson, even that which he did for the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, which is undoubtedly his best, is by no means perfect; *Caste* alone is a thoroughly good play throughout; *Ours* and *School* are unequal in workmanship, at times excellent, at times taxing unduly the credulity of the listener, and prone to inopportune excursions into the realms of farce. Still, with all Robertson's faults, the lapse of twenty years has justified the verdict of the public rather than that of the critical few; and for this reason, that he was intensely human; his work goes straight to the heart; his types of character, his form of dialogue, are directly drawn from nature; to him, in fact, it was given to be in earnest without becoming gloomy, to be funny (faricallly funny if you will) without descending to buffoonery. Messrs. Tom Taylor and Dubourg's *New Men and Old Acres* is another excellent comedy of a type our dramatists of to-day never attempt. Even Mr. Henry J. Byron, whom, perchance, the modern playwright regards with scorn as a concocter of burlesque compounded of jingling rhymes and excruciating puns, wrote at least one play—*Cyril's Success*—which is conceived and executed in the true spirit of English comedy.

Now these plays—and we could multiply such instances at will—are by no means made of such enduring material as *The School for Scandal* and *She Stoops to Conquer*; still they give us something we never get from our living dramatists—a picture of the life of the day wherein pathos and humour are blended together, wherein the characters are recognizable types of flesh and blood, not fantocini invented merely to embody some psychological crank of the author, or to perform those robust antics which until a recent date were only seen upon our stages at Christmas-time.

Is it too much to hope that the undeniable cleverness of many of our writers for the stage should not be above taking a lesson from the works of their immediate predecessors, and restoring to our playbills the almost obsolete name of "Comedy," which is nowadays seldom seen there, save in the composite form of "farical comedy," "comedy-drama," and the like, wherein it is safe to predict that the prevailing element will not prove to be the "comedy," but that with which for the time being it is allied? We do not plead for the extinction of any form of theatrical entertainment now before the public. Let there even be burlesques in three acts if people can be found to sit them out; but we do plead, and that earnestly, for an occasional attempt to perpetuate the line of healthy English comedy unmingled with any alloy of farce, drama, or opera.

It would be unfair to conclude without acknowledging with satisfaction that a survey of this season's playbills shows a marked preponderance of original work over translations and adaptations in the London theatres; in only one instance is an important piece now before the public from a foreign source, and in that case the English adapter has so improved on his original as to invest his work with considerable claim to originality. Time was, and that not long ago, when to keep open some twenty London theatres with hardly any recourse to foreign authors or composers would have seemed an absolute impossibility; that the dramatic art of England should have made such progress in originality and independence is a most hopeful sign for the future, and encourages us to watch with increased interest the art work of the forthcoming dramatic season.

THE INDIA MUSEUM.

IT need not be regarded as surprising that Englishmen should usually be better acquainted with the museums of Paris and Italy than with those at home, for sight-seeing is a part of the business of travel. But museums are not maintained merely

for the amusement of sight-seers, nor even as lounges for the British workman on strike. They are properly places for study. The collections in them are the raw material from which historians, artists, decorators, architects, anthropologists, and all sorts of workers can gather such knowledge and suggestion as may enable them to produce or interpret something which will tend to the benefit of the community.

The India Museum is a place of this kind. If properly developed and properly housed, it should be a representation in miniature of all that is finest and most notable in Indian civilization. The student should be able to find in it a complete historical collection of Indian art and antiquities. The architecture and sculpture of the various districts and races of India should be thoroughly represented by means of such original specimens as may be attainable (without damage to India), freely supplemented by models, casts, and reproductions of all sorts. There should be a large and well-arranged collection of permanent photographs, in which every ancient temple and building of importance should be thoroughly represented. The bulk of the Museum should be devoted to the products of industrial art, in which India has always occupied a foremost position. The finest specimens of Indian ornament should be secured and so displayed that the history of the ornament and the methods of manufacture should be, as far as possible, rendered evident to the eye. The history of Indian ornament is the most important in the world. India as a manufactory of beautiful things is probably as ancient as Chaldea and Egypt. The processes of handicraft employed there to-day have had at least sixty centuries of trial. They should be studied and maintained; every hindrance should be put in the way of their destruction by the competition of Manchester and Birmingham. The India Museum should be their bulwark of defence and the monument of their excellence and worth. Instead of desiring to make India more and more the market for our rubbish, we should do better to discover what we can with advantage buy of her. The greatest benefit the rich can confer upon the poor is to purchase their good work and not to purchase the bad. The more we learn to buy the products of the ancient village industries of our great Eastern Empire, so much the more beneficial will our influence be upon the people of those villages. We can ruin India by setting up Art Schools of the South Kensington pattern all over the country, with payment by results and all the rest. We can cause her people to flourish exceedingly by raising our own taste to the level of that of the Indian peasantry, and buying the beautiful products, which, after six thousand years of practice, they know how to make better than any other people in the world. This work, most important both for India and for us, can only be accomplished by the India Museum. At present, in our ignorance and folly, we are discouraging the ancient handicrafts and, by Government interference, introducing machine manufactories to take their place. Piece goods of the ordinary type are being turned out in place of the beautiful old fabrics with which India used to supply the world. The effect of this is disastrous, both to India and to us. The effect of our present policy, if successful, would be to make India not a market for our goods, but a rival with us in every market in the world. The effect of a contrary policy, on the other hand, would be to make India complementary to ourselves. We might go on producing the useful and necessary machinery which Providence seems to have made us to make; India might supply us and the rest of the world with fabrics far more beautiful than any we can hope to produce in this sun-forsaken land. The richer India grew the more steel rails and freezing-machines, locomotive-engines, lightning-conductors, and telephones would she buy of us, the more of our ships would she fill with freight, the more of our commercial men would she employ to sell her goods to all parts of the world. She might be our biggest customer; we are making her our most dangerous rival.

The development of the India Museum is, therefore, a matter of practical importance to the great interests of India and England. Some such idea seems to have been grasped by its founders. Originally it was under the control of the Indian Government, and its cost was borne by Indian taxpayers. The expenditure on its behalf was continually increasing, but it was not wisely directed, and left little permanent results. The money was frittered away on exhibitions, instead of being devoted to the increase and study of the permanent collection. Such increase, moreover, as there was, was not accompanied by wise arrangement. Beautiful things, purchased or presented, were not made to tell their story. Historical completeness was not aimed at. In fact, the Museum became more and more a mere storehouse of curiosities, a chaos in which study was difficult or impossible, useless for any purpose except that of the mere preservation of certain objects against a better day. The Indian Government eventually grew tired of the whole thing, and got rid of it by a disastrous arrangement. It presented the antiquities to the British Museum, and the other collections to the Science and Art Department. The damage thus done is irreparable, for the industrial art collections are of little use unless they are accompanied by historical collections showing how the designs arose and developed.

In all museums it is a mistake to group the objects according to material or method of manufacture—textiles in one place, pottery in another; stonework here, wood-carving there. To only one possible arrangement can no valid objection be made, and

that is arrangement in historical order. All products of a given date should be together. Only so can the virtues of a decorative style be appreciated. Imagine, for example, a miscellaneous collection of mediæval European works of art divided up according to the orthodox official manner—all the carved ivories together, all the terracottas together, and so forth. Such a collection would convey an entirely false impression. In a thirteenth-century ivory the figures would be seen under fine Gothic canopies. In the fourteenth century the architectural accessories would be found to be more elaborate. Later, all such appendages would disappear, and the nude human figure would be discovered. These changes, however, did not result from any development of ivory-carving as a separate art. They can only be explained and understood when the simultaneous developments of all the arts are grasped—developments which took place under the leadership, now of one art, now of another. If thirteenth-century ivories are grouped with specimens of architecture, painting, illumination, embroidery, goldsmith's work, and the like, all of the same date, it at once becomes possible to see how the ivory-carver has applied to his material those general principles of design which were abroad in his day. That is the lesson which it is worth an artist's while to learn. The present South Kensington system of grouping merely encourages a sort of aimless eclecticism, which is largely responsible for the pernicious and meaningless mingling of elements dragged from all manner of incompatible styles so common in the decorative design of the present day.

It follows, therefore, that the collections now housed in the India Museum need considerable increase before they can be of the full value to India and to us that they are capable of being. The Department of Antiquities, so ruinously destroyed by a stroke of the official pen, must be reconstituted by help of casts, reproductions, and the like, as well as may be. An excellent beginning in this respect has been made, and with the expenditure of incredibly little money. It is not too much to say that in no museum in England or abroad has so interesting and valuable a collection of things been brought together at so cheap a rate as the collection illustrative of Indian architecture in the first two halls of the India Museum.

It is stated that the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 are going to diminish the area of land at the disposal of the India Museum, and especially that portion of it which is devoted to the architectural courts. The Commissioners are on their trial now before the bar of public opinion; they will do wisely to consider whether such action will not deal a heavy blow to the public interests of the Empire. They will, at all events, make no friends by the operation. It happens to be the case that it is exactly these architectural courts which need to be at once and permanently enlarged. Then only will it be possible so to arrange the wonderful collections now warehoused in the Museum that they may become a source of continually increasing utility both to the Empire from which they have come and to the nation to whose keeping they have been entrusted.

THE LEEDS FESTIVAL.

II.

THE performances on Friday, October 11, both in the morning and the evening, were by far the most interesting of the whole Festival; for at these two concerts were produced new works by the two native composers whose progress has for the last few years been watched with most interest by all who have the good of English music at heart. The high aims which both Dr. Parry and Professor Stanford have always set before them, the unflinching earnestness which has enabled them to resist all temptation to debase their art for the sake of mere gain, would have alone entitled any works from their pens to a respectful hearing, even if the former in *Judith* and the latter in *The Revenge* had not raised great expectations as to their future productions. That the *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day* and the *Voyage of Maeldune* have fully satisfied these is the highest praise which can be awarded them. In selecting for musical treatment the *Ode* which Pope wrote for one of the annual celebrations of St. Cecilia's Day, the composer has evidently been more influenced by the opportunities the words offer for variety of expression than by their poetical merit. Though the *Ode* contains much which is graceful, it bears throughout the stamp of the period at which it was written, and many of its phrases raise an involuntary smile where least intended. For this reason the choice was a dangerous one, and it speaks well for the strength of Dr. Parry's music that it is able successfully to tide over these weak places in the libretto. Nowhere is the composer's power more manifest than in the opening chorus, "Descend, ye Nine," where the changes in sentiment in the words are so frequent that the difficulty of duly expressing the poet's meaning, and at the same time of preventing the musical setting from appearing disconnected, seems at first sight insuperable. How Dr. Parry has done this it would be impossible to explain without musical quotations; but the result is a triumph of art, and is attained, moreover, by means which are apparently so simple that the number appears admirable alike for its tunefulness and spontaneity. Indeed, the consummate manner in which throughout the whole work the composer's wide erudition is

employed, without the least parade or display of learning, shows more than anything that he has reached that stage at which his studies have become so thoroughly assimilated that what to others may seem mere hindrances to clear expression are with him the readiest means of enunciating his ideas. Though the *Ode to St. Cecilia's Day* contains numerous examples of the composer's mastery of the forms of musical science, yet his individuality is so strong that the music is never for a moment laboured, and there is no straining after mere effect or display. The style also is thoroughly English; in places recalling Purcell and Arne, yet never for a moment affectedly archaic, or such as could have been written by any but a composer thoroughly in sympathy with what is best in the latest developments of his art. As an instance of this happy combination of new and old, mention might be made of the scene for soprano solo and chorus, "But soon, too soon," in which the poet relates the story of the death of Orpheus; a scene which for melodic beauty and dramatic force is equal to anything of the kind produced for many years, while at the same time the means employed are such as the veriest purist could not find fault with. Equally good is the final solo and chorus, "Music the fiercest grief can charm," the climax to which is a magnificent piece of writing. It is almost needless to say that the work was a triumphant success, and at its close Dr. Parry was greeted with the heartiest applause heard throughout the Festival. The performance was excellent, the chorus singing throughout *con amore*. The soprano solos were admirably sung by Miss Macintyre; her delivery of the "Orpheus" scene especially being quite perfect. The remainder of the concert was devoted to Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, in which Señor Sarasate once more secured a familiar triumph, and to Beethoven's Choral Symphony, the solos in which were sung by Fräulein Fillunger, Miss Damian, and Messrs. McKay and Brereton. The performance was a fairly good one, though hardly up to the level which was to have been expected under the circumstances.

Professor Stanford's *Voyage of Maeldune*, which was the chief attraction of the concert on Friday evening, is a setting for chorus, soli, and orchestra of portions of one of Lord Tennyson's later poems, with which have been incorporated parts of *The Sea Fairies*, one of his earliest works. The book affords the composer an opportunity for picturesque writing of which he has not been slow to avail himself. In this respect Professor Stanford has never shown himself stronger. The series of pictures presented by the various isles is remarkable for the extraordinary variety of musical colouring with which the composer has treated them. From the Silent Isle,

Where a silent ocean always broke on a silent shore,

with its delicately-written solo passages and accompaniment of muted strings, all through the various strange places which Maeldune and his followers visit, the interest is sustained by the wonderful diversity and ingenuity both of the orchestration and the vocal writing. It is difficult to signalize any of these scenes as more striking than the others, for they all of them are full of remarkable writing; but at a first hearing those which created the greatest impression were the Isle of Flowers, with its singularly graceful and beautiful melody; the Isle of Fire, in which the composer has succeeded in inventing an entirely new manner of describing (musically) a conflagration; and especially the lovely quartet in which the poet's description of the "Undersea Isle" is described. But the scene with the witches, and the final portion of the work are fully equal to these; indeed, it would be very difficult to point out weak places in any part of the score. The success which *The Voyage of Maeldune* achieved was striking, and the composer, who conducted in person, was greeted at its close with true Yorkshire warmth. The performance left but little to be desired. The solos were entrusted to Mme. Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, and Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Barrington Foote; the chorus sang the difficult music allotted to them with plenty of spirit and enthusiasm. The beautiful orchestration, which is one of the most noticeable features of the work, was done ample justice to by the band. The second part of Friday evening's concert was devoted to a miscellaneous selection, which included Beethoven's *Leonora* (No. 3) Overture, the *Scena*, "Leise, leise," from Weber's *Der Freischütz*, sung by Mme. Albani, Wilbye's fine Madrigal, "Sweet honey-sucking bees," and Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The latter was one of the best performances of the Festival. Sir Arthur Sullivan seemed more thoroughly in sympathy with the music than in more massive works, and the result was an admirable rendering of the charming composition. The singing of the Madrigal was not so satisfactory. The chorus was too large to do justice to all the delicate effects of light and shade which it demands, and the beautiful ending was spoiled by the introduction of an ill-advised *rallentando*.

The performance of Brahms's fine "German Requiem," which took place on Saturday morning, had been looked forward to with considerable interest, as the work had not previously been heard at Leeds, although it has for some years taken its place on a level with the greatest compositions of its kind. It is, therefore, all the more disappointing to be obliged to chronicle the fact that the performance was so much below the mark that it would have been better to have withdrawn the work altogether than to have done it in such a manner. From the outset it was evident that the music had been insufficiently rehearsed; and though in some numbers the chorus was better than in others, the false intonation, wrong notes, and want of attack were only too conspicuous.

throughout. The soprano part was to have been sung by Mme. Valleria, but her place was taken by Fräulein Fillunger, who sang as admirably as she always does. The baritone part was sung by Mr. Watkin Mills. In Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, which followed the "Requiem," the chorus were much more at home, and the performance was accordingly a great improvement on the first part of the concert, especially as the soprano music in it was sung by Mme. Albani, who replaced Mme. Valleria. With Saturday morning the Festival proper came to an end, but an extra concert was given on Saturday night, at which Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Golden Legend* and his music to *Macbeth* were given to a large and enthusiastic audience.

Looking at the Festival as a whole, it is evident that, if Leeds is to retain the supremacy for choral singing which it has hitherto done, more care must in future be taken in selecting voices, and all purely local considerations must be absolutely set on one side. Apart from the mere question of tone, the causes of the very great inequality in the performances are more difficult to determine. Certain mistakes, such as wrong notes and bad entries, must be laid to the door of the chorus master, though allowance must be made for the immense amount of unfamiliar music to be studied. It might be worth considering whether it would not be possible to do away with the arrangement by which the chorus is trained by one conductor and the performances are under the baton of another. Such dual control must have a bad effect, however conscientiously and well both conductors work together. Though the Festival has witnessed the production of no works such as it is the fashion to call "epoch-making," yet it has added at least three compositions to the repertory of first-rate works by native composers, and as such, if for no other reason, it will be memorable.

THE ARMY AND THE WAY TO IT.

A SHORT time ago a distinguished general officer gave his views to the world upon the subject of the army as a profession. Thereupon a considerable discussion immediately arose upon the advantages and disadvantages of sending a young man into the army, and as to the amount of money upon which he could contrive to live when once he managed to secure a commission. The matter is, of course, one of very great interest, for in most families there is sure to be one son at least to whom the army is obviously the fittest career. But, as things stand, it is positive cruelty to send a lad into the service without giving him a sufficient allowance to meet the numerous calls upon his purse. How much assistance a young officer will require from home will naturally depend in a great measure upon the character of the regiment. In some corps the colonel will discourage unnecessary expense, do all he can to show that he disapproves of it, set the young man a good example himself, encourage the senior officers to do the same, and generally discharge those duties which usually devolve upon the head of a college. Regiments of this kind are well known, and a young man of limited means has only to select such a one. A military officer, like a naval officer, must live like a gentleman, of course. But in the army there is a very general disposition to make things easy for a poor man who has the courage not to be ashamed of his scanty means. There is no pressure to oblige him to drink champagne, or to hunt, or drive, or play cards, or to take part in those lesser excursions and amusements which fritter away far more money than is needed for the most liberal subscriptions towards the regular regimental hospitalities. If a young man is bent upon riotous living, he need not go into the army to gratify his tastes; and probably many more young fellows have come to trouble at Oxford and Cambridge, or in the first few years of their professional life, than in Her Majesty's service. We may also add that the military authorities have of late years done everything in their power to discourage high living among young officers. As for the exact amount required to supplement the pay which an officer receives on joining his regiment, the matter is one in which it is extremely difficult to lay down any hard or fixed line. None of us need to be told that it is impossible for a man to live in the Guards without a handsome private income, or that the cavalry is more expensive than the line, or that even in the line there are certain "crack" regiments in which it is out of the question for a poor man to hold his own. In every profession, and in every walk of life, we have to learn the wholesome lesson of cutting our coat according to our cloth. The mess expenses of a subaltern will come to about six or seven shillings a day, and his subscriptions to the band, to "guest nights," and to other regimental entertainments, will come to twenty-five pounds a year, or thereabouts. Then there is the renewal of his uniform, the pay of his regimental servant, his laundress (usually a soldier's wife, who contracts to do his washing for fifteen shillings a month), and other small incidental expenses. All else that a subaltern needs is pocket-money and the annual cost of his "mufti," or plain clothes, and in these, of course, everything will depend upon himself. If a subaltern receives an allowance of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty pounds a year in addition to his pay, he may consider himself extremely fortunate, for he will be able to live perfectly well within his income.

But this discussion sets us thinking of another question connected with the army which is, to our minds, of far greater im-

portance—we refer to the examinations that the would-be officer has to pass before he can qualify for a commission, and the method in which he must be trained to pass those examinations. In these days no boy, unless he possesses exceptional talent, can pass for Woolwich or Sandhurst direct from his school. The examinations are competitive, and they are becoming every year more and more severe; and so it is that the young gentleman who is ambitious of carrying the Queen's sword must be sent to a "crammer" if he is ever to be in a position to gratify his laudable desires.

There are many reasons why the "cramming" system is undesirable. In the first place, the boy fresh from school, and probably scarcely yet seventeen years old, is brought in contact with men many years his seniors—officers studying for the Staff College and others—whose influence experience has proved to be in many cases highly detrimental. Then, too, the whole idea of "cramming" is completely rotten. The victim really learns nothing that is of lasting value. He is merely "coached" by an expert at the business with a view of his getting through a certain examination. All deep and thorough study of his subjects is ignored, the sole object being to furnish the crammed one with a parrot-like knowledge of all questions likely to be asked. And the "crammer" possessing an abnormally "prophetic soul" is the most successful in his craft. It seems to us to be little short of scandalous that, to undergo this process, a promising youth must of necessity be removed from school just at the time when the school is likely to do him some real good, and when he for his part can be of some service to it. And yet, as we have said before, if he is to get into the army, this must be his fate. Many youths somehow or other get through the ordeal. Others, we do not hesitate to say, are irretrievably ruined in brain, heart, mind, body, and soul.

And now the question naturally arises, What is to be the substitute for this state of things? We reply unhesitatingly as far as Sandhurst is concerned, go back to the old system. Let the candidate, as he used to do in the past, pass a qualifying examination, and let him receive his cadetship and afterwards his commission, as vacancies may arise. This is what used to happen, and when it was the rule it worked uncommonly well. A most promising field-officer of hussars, unhappily killed in the Sudan, passed last into Sandhurst, and last out of the Royal Military College, and this, too, when it was only necessary, to obtain a qualifying number of marks—fifteen hundred. In these days he could never have entered the army at all, except through the ranks. And yet he was a born cavalry leader and a most efficient officer in every way. Nor is this an isolated case. There are scores of such men whose proper places are usurped by those who are utterly unfit to fill them, but who have, nevertheless, been skilfully trained to satisfy the examiners. The amount of knowledge that they have managed to absorb is of about as much real use to them as is the Roman law to the average Bar-student, who makes haste to forget what his "Coach" has taught him as soon as he has passed his examination. We are confident that there are very few military men, whose opinion is worth having, who will venture to say that the British army is better officered than it was in the old days—in days in which, were the present regulations in force, in all probability many of the most brilliant leaders in the Peninsula, the Crimea, and the Indian Mutiny, nay even Wellington himself, would not have been permitted to serve their country.

A NEW NORWEGIAN ROAD.

IT was on a beautiful afternoon in August last that we found ourselves on the deck of the little Geiranger steamer moving across a sort of huge dripping-well towards Meraak, a spot we had not visited for six years. There lies its cluster of boat-sheds and dwelling-houses at the head of the black fjord, with its trim white church standing high above it, angel-like, in an act of benediction. And higher yet hover those well-remembered domes and peaks which seem to savagely defy the stranger to penetrate inland. But as we approach we find that six years have not left this well-hidden retreat wholly untouched by the "improving" hand of progress. That white house yonder, we are told, is a new hotel, which by its more conspicuous position and its gay colouring threatens to eclipse the plain, old-fashioned hostelry of our recollection. This, however, is a trifle compared with another novel feature. There lie at the head of the fjord two big excursion steamers, one of which is just now piping in doleful tones, while a little steam launch plies fussily between it and the shore. These, we hear, are excursion yachts that bring across the North Sea decksloads of picnickers for a week or so's cruising in the fjords. On landing, we find the little village overrun with the familiar "free-and-easy" tripper, idly clad in gaily-coloured flannel, "hooking" his female companion, and indulging in the customary holiday frolics. The jocund throng looks odd in its new surroundings. Can they, one wonders, be wholly untouched by the deep quietude of the place, only intensified by the murmur of the distant cataract, or by the majestic scenery that everywhere meets the eye? It must be so; for they are actually trying their clumsy horseplay upon those grave and dignified peasants who stand by, wondering at this unwonted mirth. They get for their pains a look which would tell them, could they fathom it, of something akin to horror. For the Norwegian peasant is not only a true gentleman himself, but has hitherto

firmly believed in the good breeding of his English kinsmen. He cannot yet understand the juxtaposition of the English tongue and rude behaviour.

The new sight set us thinking. It is evident that Norway as a holiday resort is passing into a third phase of its development. Not many decades ago she was visited only by the keen and hardy lover lured to her domain by rumour of unexplored wildness or of adventurous sport. Then she was beset with a band of half-hearted, flippant admirers, who thought it vastly funny to sleep in a saeter, eat fladbrød, and otherwise play at leading the primitive life, and who shared their amusement with the less fortunate stayer-at-home by publishing, under some quaint title, the journal of their merry doings. This period also is now passing away. A far denser throng repairs to the picturesque Scandinavian coast—of such as make no pretence at desiring hardy exploit, but frankly demand the ease and comfort of modern travel. "Going to Norway" is rapidly losing all suggestion of adventure even for discreet spinsters and anxious mothers. Those steam-yachts lying out there mark the completion of the revolution.

But the outlook is not so very black even for old-fashioned persons like ourselves, who love retirement. There is a zigzag line climbing up above the village and losing itself in the inaccessibilities of the mountains. It is the new road that daringly scales these steep, rocky mountains to a height of 3,500 feet, and then joins itself at Grotlid to the old road that leads into the Gudbrandsdal, and so to Christiania. The road, we are told, is within a week or two of completion, and can even now be passed by carriole or stolkjaerre. Here, then, is a way of escape. Six years ago only a small piece of the road was built, and the pedestrian had a stiff climb to Grotlid. The new road will take us in about seven or eight hours to the quiet of the upland valley, where the air is dry and invigorating and the tripper will cease from troubling.

The next morning we were off at an early hour. The well-built, smooth-surfaced way winds up at a gentle and pretty even gradient. It is easy driving, but our pony thinks otherwise, and, turning his blinkerless eyes on us, plainly suggests a lightening of the load. So we leave him only the stolkjaerre and the baggage, and do the rest of the climb on foot. It is pleasanter so, for the pony keeps at the customary up-hill pace, and we have time to look about us and enjoy the view of the dark waters below us, walled in by lofty precipices, veined here and there by a white thread-like cataract. After a time the steady incline of the road gives a little, and we find ourselves in one of the greenest of upland valleys, well sprinkled with farms (gaards), and threaded by a serpentine stream, that looks as if it had been the model for the new road. Up new acclivities about the most ingenious windings, the road in one place passing over itself in a loop. Now the scene changes; the arm of the fjord shrinks to a dark-blue eye, the mountain peaks, as seen from below, lose themselves in the loftier and ampler perspective. A saeter, with groups of warm-tinted cattle, marks the limit of human habitation. The bright green verdure soon begins to give place to the dark slate-coloured rock of the Blofjeld (Blue Mountain). The hard gneiss is polished smooth by the action of glaciers; and our Skydsgut points out to us some perfectly rounded basins in the gritty substance. Above us snow-fields and glaciers reveal themselves, wan and ghostly below their heavy cloud-canopy. The ascent becomes more easy; we are nearing the pass. The scene is as savage as Loch Coruisk itself; nothing but bare rock, dreary lakelet, and drearier snow-patch. One can see that this part of the road is only recently finished. Wheelbarrows, planks, and other apparatus of the navy lie huddled up under the rocks at the side. The cunning horse stops, and again turning bids us mount. He doesn't like the cutting wind that drives through the gully of the pass, and he knows that shelter and rest are at hand. We must be near the highest point, for there stands proudly graven on the rock an inscription telling of the building of the road, with the dates of its beginning and its completion. After a short drive along fairly level ground we come on the magnificent Djupvand, whose waters seem to have taken a preternatural intensity of blue from the nearer sky. Six years have changed things here, too. Then there was but a miserable hut, where one could get nothing but a cup of coffee. Now, thanks to the enterprise of two women of the neighbourhood, a snug little chalet invites the weary and half-frozen traveller to warmth and an excellent repast. Comfort has spread even to this wild region. After an hour's rest we begin the easy descent to Grotlid, past a chain of lakes, each with its own hue, to the queen of them all, the Bredalsvand. The scenery rapidly changes again. A broad valley begins to form itself, strewn with picturesque boulders, on which are perched the bizarre imp-like forms of mountain birch. Between these stretch lovely blue lakelets set in boggy tracts of bright green and gold and red, for the dryness of the summer has brought on shrub and fern the brilliant autumn tint earlier than is usual. The sides of the valley are gently sloping mountains, their base fringed with a pale yellow by the reindeer moss that here abounds, and their rounded summits whitened by the purest snow. Here, we thought, were lovely groupings of colour for the artist; and there is the needed complement of life in the shape of a herd of cattle. But in the midst of this smooth progress and quiet enjoyment we are suddenly pulled up. There is a gap in the road, with only the under layer of big stones laid down, and ominous planks and heaps of stones. We descend, take off the cart fishing-rods and other loose articles, and anxiously watch our Skydsgut lead horse and

vehicle across the ugly chasm. After a series of awful lurches and bumps, which make us shudder sympathetically with certain fragile treasures secreted in our portmanteaus, both horse and stolkjaerre land safely on the smooth road beyond. Three such ugly gaps having been duly weathered, we are able to mount again, and a short drive brings us to our destination.

We found the little station at Grotlid altered too, a considerable enlargement having taken place in anticipation of its important future. Here we were fortunate enough to meet the engineer of the road, Captain Rosenquist, whom with his family we had met on our last visit, and who tendered us a thoroughly Norwegian welcome. It was a rare pleasure in the cold evening to sit with our pipes over the hospitable hearth—the delightful "peis" which, alas! is all too rare in Norway—and hear the Captain discourse of the making of the road. It was, he told us, begun in January 1882. Its length is 40,360 metres (about 25 miles). The long time taken to complete it is due partly to the amount of blasting, but mainly to the circumstance that the work could only be carried on during two and a half summer months. The highest gradient (between Meraak and Djupvand) is about 1 in 12. This road—this was told us with special pride—had only cost eight kronor (about 9s.) per metre, and has been finished without any loss of life or serious accidents. The mining had been done by means of an electric current, a single machine firing simultaneously forty-two mines. Captain Rosenquist may well be proud of his engineering achievement, and disposed to content himself for the future with his less onerous military duties. To have planned and carried out a new road is one of the few unquestionable services to humanity. The new Geiranger road, moreover, will be one of the sights of Norway, making the much-frequented zigzag at Stalheim look small by comparison. It does not, of course, rise to the height of some of the Swiss roads; but, in respect of the mechanical difficulties overcome and of the quality of the scenery opened up, it will certainly take its place among the fine mountain roads of Europe. Its value depends on the circumstance that it offers a new and magnificent route from one of the most picturesque fjords to Røseheim and the Iotunheim mountains, to the Dovrefjeld, to the Romsdal, and to Christiania itself.

We resolved to return the same way, so as to try the descent, and did not regret the decision. The meandering down at a gentle trot was delightful. It was an absorbing puzzle to make out the real course of the road amid the intricacies of curve that lay below us. Our delight was completed by the circumstance that we had a diminutive Skydsgut, wisely selected, perhaps, on the ground of light weight, who had never done the journey before. He gurgled over with laughing prattle the whole way, shouting inquiries about each new farm to a more experienced comrade who sat at the back of a carriole in front of us. His joyous wonder burst out into wild shouts as he saw the cunning windings of the road and the blue corner of the fjord. The new road will help to take the Norwegian to the coast, and it may be speed him to the far-off Western country, where some relative or friend is pretty sure to have preceded him.

Each new road in Norway is a boon to the congested tourist world. It relieves the traffic and offers to the old-fashioned seeker of byways and sequestered nooks new opportunities. The need is great. The "tourist stream," to use the Norwegian expression, has this year been greater than ever. The American has joined himself to the Britisher, and the German, loyally following his Emperor, has come in unwonted force. Next year the English tourist will be able to cross from Newcastle to Bergen thrice a week instead of once, and the opportunities from Hull are, we believe, to be increased also. A German doctor has recently been writing to a Berlin paper urging the advantages of Norway as a health resort, on the ground that it offers in close juxtaposition a marine and a mountain "kur." The article closes with the magnanimous challenge, "Build railways and supply comfort, open up your country, and we shall not keep away." Well may the Norwegian paper that quotes these lines indulge in a smile. The truth is, the Norwegians themselves travel in their country, and are doing so more and more. Naturally, therefore, they do not wish their land to be turned into another Switzerland. No, worthy Doctor, we agree with the Norwegians that railways can be postponed. More good roads like this Geiranger route, and more ample steamboat accommodation along the coast, are what is needed, the better to disperse the crowd, or rather to give a ready way of escape for those who want to get out of the reach of Byer's *Weekly News* and all similar "comforts." If to these are added a few good mountain stations, after the pattern of those on the Dovrefjeld, the worst of the pressure will be relieved. Happily Norway is large enough to offer retirement and delightful intercourse with its simple and worthy people in spite of a good many steam-yachts. There is, for example, the fine and unexplored province of Nordland, which rumour says the Tourist Club are thinking of opening up. So that, after all, there seems little immediate danger of the noisy excursionist driving quieter folk out of the country.

MR. MARKS'S BIRDS.

THE public is not often more legitimately entertained than by the collection of drawings and paintings of birds which Mr. H. Stacey Marks, R.A., is now exhibiting at the Fine Art Society's Gallery. These pictures are eminently amusing, fresh,

and lively. Nothing exactly like them has been seen before. The colours are bright, and the drawing is quite correct enough for all ordinary purposes. The success of the collection, from a practical point of view, was instantly assured; and by the middle of the present week hardly one of the eighty or ninety examples remained unsold. This is all very satisfactory so far as it goes; but we hope we shall not be thought very disagreeable if we hint that it does not go quite far enough. Are these drawings presented to us as amusing bric-à-brac? If so, nothing could be better. Are they presented as fine art? Because, in that case, there is something to be said.

It is always pleasant to praise, and we will begin by dwelling on what there is in Mr. Marks's exhibition which we can commend almost without reserve. The rough sketches in water-colour—painted apparently at a sitting, with the living bird before the artist—are often excellently done. The modest drawing of the "Long-Billed Butcher Bird" (48) would have won the praise of Alexander Wilson. No work on the parrots but would be enriched by the five studies of "Macaws" (31), or by the drawing of the "Banksian Cockatoo" (17). These are washed in rapidly and cleverly, with a wet brush, and all that is essential in the plumage and habit of the bird has been caught. "A Night Heron" (61) is exquisitely painted; of the figures which are at all highly finished in Mr. Marks's collection this appears to us to be distinctly the best. Of but slightly less value are the groups of caique, touracou, conure, tanager, crested crane, and aracari (5 and 8). All these, in their rather humble way, are really artistic.

The next, and a little the less satisfactory, section of Mr. Marks's work consists of faithful studies of birds into which an element of intentional humour has been introduced. Of this class the most pleasing examples are the "Yellow-cheeked Amazon" (1), a parroquet with a wheedling, amatory smile; the "Guillemot" (4), sitting in a precarious and crazy position on its heels; the "Iceland Falcon" (12), which has puffed itself out into an absurd balloon of black and white feathers; the "Bampton Canaries" (37), with their silly little heads, conversing like a pair of foolish young mashers; and the "Bateleur Eagles" (44), who have quarrelled, and who glare vacantly out of the picture with wrath in their inflamed and scarlet faces. These the cynic may still do more than tolerate. But what we have no patience with are Mr. Marks's composed pictures. Here we see, piteously revealed to us by himself, how little of an artist he is. It is strange that his own limitations have not occurred to him as he hung these drawings side by side. It is strange that he could have placed his vigorous sketch of "Lear's Macaw" (22), which is a simple and competent piece of work, underneath the concentrated feebleness of "The Siesta" (19), a large expanse of jarring pinks and light greens which sets the teeth on edge. This picture is not merely shocking in colour, it is poor in execution. The flamingoes are fairly well drawn, but so painted that it would be impossible without previous knowledge to decide of what substance their plumage was formed. The birds might be modelled out of wet clay, so little has the airy elasticity and dry feathery character of the plumes been suggested. Another example of artistic futility is "By the Moonlit Shore (Jabirus)" (16), which really resembles, if we may be allowed to say so, one of those decorative panels which are manufactured in Italy to be sold in this country. Mr. Marks is not often so unfortunate as this; but he seldom really succeeds in anything more elaborate than a sketch from life. His largest picture at the Fine Art Society—the frieze of puffins called "Dominicans in Feathers" (36)—is very far from being painted in a masterly or interesting way. The light is monotonously distributed all over it, the brush-work conceals feebleness by smoothness, and the whole effect is one of insipidity. We like Mr. Marks's toucans and pelicans, his cockatoos and his vultures; but we like them as he saw them, not as he imagines them. We do not like him to make unconvincing compositions of "American Kestrels" (34) fighting, and, as for the vaunted "Love-Birds' Wedding" (6), it is simply a preparation for a childish chromolithograph, on a level with comic wall advertisements and humorous valentines. Mr. Marks's birds are either ornithological studies, the real merit of which consists in their fidelity, or they are very pretty and expensive toys. We do not see that there is anything else to be said about them.

Mr. Marks has written an interesting preface to his Catalogue, in which he makes some sensible and entertaining remarks about the lack of perception which people show. "I have often wondered," he says, "notwithstanding the general spread of education, at the singular ignorance of many of the visitors [at the Zoo] on the commonest matters of natural history. When I was drawing the Cassowary (42) a well-dressed girl of ten or twelve years cried out, 'O auntie! come and look at this peacock!' There appears to be a rooted conviction that all the animals at the Zoo, including the fish-eating seals, will eat bread, and that peppermint-drops and gingerbread-nuts are the daintiest delicacies that can be offered to the larger carnivora." The success of Mr. Marks's collection shows that, if the public knows little about birds, it wants to know more, and we hope it will encourage him to stick to what he says one of his brother Academicians calls his "poultry."

THE IRON TRADE.

AS coal and iron are the great instruments of modern production, their condition has come to be regarded as the best index to the economic state of the country. When manufactures generally are active the demand for both coal and iron must increase, and labour, therefore, must be in greater requisition. The present revival in trade was, in fact, heralded by augmented activity in the coal industry. For two years past the price of coal has been rising, the number of men employed in it has been increasing, and wages have been rapidly advancing. In some cases there have been strikes on a large scale before the demands of the men were conceded; but in very many instances the employers have given way without dispute. The iron industry, however, for a long time did not give evidence of increased activity. In 1886, indeed, the state of the trade was so bad that the manufacturers in Scotland agreed to reduce the output 25 per cent. Shortly after this the stock of pig iron in public stores in the Cleveland district, which is the largest producing district in the United Kingdom, began to decline. In 1886 the stock of pig iron in the public stores in Cleveland amounted to very nearly 730,000 tons, in 1887 that stock was reduced about 100,000 tons, the following year the reduction was as much as 200,000 tons, and during the current year there has been a further decrease of about 170,000 tons. In the three years so far, therefore, the total reduction has been about 470,000 tons. In other words, not only has the total production since 1886 been completely used up, but considerably more than half the surplus then existing has likewise been drawn upon. Strange to say, however, there was for a long time no reduction in the stocks in public stores in Scotland. On the contrary, between the beginning of 1885 and the beginning of the present year the stock in Scotland nearly doubled, being at the beginning of the current year nearly 1,030,000 tons. During the past few weeks, however, a reduction has been visible; but even now the stock is little under a million of tons. The vast accumulation in Scotland, in spite of the diminution in Cleveland, weighed so upon the market that prices continued to decline until nearly the end of last year. At one time last year the price of Scotch pig iron was as low as 37s. 1d. per ton, the lowest quotation for a quarter of a century. With the beginning of the present year, however, a rise set in. It was checked early in the summer. But within the last few weeks there has been a very active recovery, and at one time last week the price was as high as 55s. 10½d., being an advance of about 50 per cent. from the lowest price of last year, and the highest quotation since 1880. As long as there was no reduction in the Scotch stocks merchants doubted whether the improvement in Cleveland was more than temporary and accidental. They saw that there was no great increase in the foreign demand for British iron and steel, and they assumed, therefore, that the activity in Cleveland would not last very long. Therefore, they abstained from buying largely, contenting themselves with supplies sufficient for their immediate requirements. When at last, however, the Scotch stocks began to decrease, even though slightly, they judged it wise to purchase more freely, and as soon as the trade began to buy speculators thought they saw an opportunity to make money. They were eager to anticipate the trade demand, hoping that they would be able to sell to merchants at better quotations by-and-by. The increased consumption of pig iron is the result of a greatly augmented demand for manufactured iron and steel, and the rise in prices of manufactured goods has been greater decidedly than that in pig iron. As a consequence of all this, there has sprung up during the past few weeks a considerable speculation in iron mining shares. Those shares are now not largely dealt in upon the London Stock Exchange; but on some of the provincial Stock Exchanges the business being done is very large, and the rise in prices is remarkable. Within twelve months many of those shares have doubled and even trebled in price.

What is most satisfactory in the recovery of this great industry is that it is mainly the result of improvement in the home trade of the country. There is some slight increase in the foreign demand; but it is slight compared with the augmented consumption at home. Shipbuilding, which during the three years that followed 1883 greatly fell off, has once more become active. Wear-and-tear, accidents and wrecks, and the growth of the international carrying trade, about 1887, caused a fresh demand for new shipping. Since then there has been a very satisfactory activity in the shipbuilding yards throughout the United Kingdom. At the same time there is no appearance of undue speculation as there was in the last period of active shipbuilding, and Government orders have lately given a new stimulus. At the same time the railway Companies are buying far more freely than they did during the recent period of depression. Then they were obliged to stint as much as possible their outlay for repairs, renewals, and improvements of all kinds; but now that their earnings are once more large they are not only making up for what was left undone in the past, they are making provision, too, for the future, when again there will be a decline in earnings. Moreover, the general manufacturing industry of the country is very active, and is consuming iron and steel in steadily increasing quantities. And lastly, the foreign and colonial loans and Companies which have been brought out in London in such great numbers of recent years have stimulated the industry. A very considerable proportion of the money raised has been

spent upon railway construction and other industrial works, and has led, therefore, to a very largely increased demand for iron and steel manufactures. Regarding the foreign demand, there has been a falling off in American purchases since the excessive railway construction in the North-West and South-West came to an end. During the past year or two, indeed, the iron industry in the United States has been so depressed that it has not been profitable to import from Europe. But, on the other hand, the Continental demand has decidedly increased. There has been extraordinary activity in Germany more particularly, where the expenditure on naval and military works and railways is very large. The home production is quite insufficient to meet the demand, and the imports, consequently, from this country and Belgium are on a greatly increased scale. There is every reason to expect that the Continental demand will continue, and probably will increase rather than fall off, for some time to come. True, the rise of wages and of prices in the coal trade here at home has increased the cost of iron manufacture, and in the iron industry itself there has likewise been a considerable advance in wages, more particularly in the wages of the engineering branches of the trade. Consequently the recent rise in price has become a necessity, and there is little fear that the rise of price here will check the Continental demand, since the advance in wages and prices upon the Continent, and more especially in Germany, has been proportionately larger than here at home. It looks probable, too, that American purchases will increase in the immediate future. There has already been a rise in the price of pig-iron in the United States. Trade there is improving in all departments. The crops this year are unusually large, and, with the exception of wheat, they were also very good last year. Two good agricultural seasons in succession have stimulated industries of all kinds, and iron has naturally felt this stimulus. Besides, there is a probability that the expenditure on railways will be much larger in the immediate future than it has been in the immediate past. It is not likely, indeed, that we shall see a very great increase in the construction of new railways, for railway building has been overdone for some time past. But the growing prosperity of the South calls for an extension of the Southern railway system, and in the East, the Middle States, and the North-West and South-West the railway mileage is so immense that the mere demand for maintenance and renewal consumes an immense quantity of iron and steel. With regard to South America, it is to be presumed that the Argentine demand will fall off. But, on the other hand, we may reasonably expect a considerable increase in the Brazilian, Chilean, and Peruvian demand. So far, therefore, as the foreign trade is concerned, the likelihood is that we shall do more business in the immediate future than has been done in the past.

Here at home the prospects of trade generally are exceedingly good. There is every reason to hope that the revival will prove more lasting than any recovery since 1873. And, if general trade continues good, there are grounds for believing that the prosperity of the iron industry will be maintained. There are at the same time two dangers; one is that speculation may carry prices too high, and may thus defeat its own market. Hitherto speculators have been very prudent. But they have undoubtedly become more active during the past few weeks than they had been before, and it is possible at least that they may grow reckless. The other, and perhaps the more serious danger, is that the production may be unduly augmented. We have seen above that the recovery in the trade was made possible by the restriction of output to which the Scotch manufacturers agreed three years ago. They have so far abided by their agreement; but now that prices have so far risen they may be tempted to very largely increase the production. Before 1873 the producing capacity of this country was unduly stimulated. It was then the chief iron producer of the world, and as much of the capital needed for railway construction all over the world was obtained in London, a very large proportion of that money was employed in purchasing iron for the new railways. Since 1873, however, there has been an extraordinary development of the iron industry in foreign countries. The United States, Germany, Russia, Belgium, and France have all greatly increased their production. The development is a natural result of the growth of wealth in those countries, and, of course, it has been immensely aided by the protective tariffs imposed. We have, therefore, no longer the command of the world's market, and we are consequently not able in the best years to work to nearly the full extent of our capacity. On the contrary, we have every now and then to limit even our reduced production. If the production here at home, then, were to be increased very largely and very suddenly, not only would the rise in prices be checked, but probably there would follow a considerable fall. The cost of production, however, has been so much increased by the advance in wages and the rise in the price of coal and coke, that the trade would become unprofitable if there were to be any considerable decline in prices. Of course, it is not desirable or expedient that the output should be unduly restricted. That would mean such an advance in prices that probably our foreign competitors would undersell us. What is to be hoped for is a gradual and prudent increase in production such as, while keeping pace with the growing consumption, will allow on the one hand of reasonable profits being earned, and will prevent on the other hand such an undue rise in price as may enable our foreign competitors to undersell us in the foreign market, and may check prosperity here at home. This, of course, is difficult, considering

how much greater the productive capacity is than the actual production. But, unless it is accomplished in some way or other, the brighter future that now seems opening to the iron trade will again become overclouded.

THE CHOROLISTHA.

"MAY I have the pleasure of a dance?" "I can give you the next chorolistha but two." Will such an exchange of amenities as this ever arouse emotion in a male or female heart (or both) in an actual British ball-room? It is to be hoped not, because all change is hateful in itself, and for persons sound in head and limb the British ball-room does very well as it is. It is also to be hoped so, because Mr. Edward Scott, "Professor of dancing and scientific grace-culture," who has invented the chorolistha, and hopes to force it upon the dancing world, is the only man who has ever printed any sensible instructions on the subject of waltzing, and discourses upon the terpsichorean art with genuine enthusiasm and appreciation. As far as we know, Mr. Scott now makes his first appearance as a composer both of dancing and music.

To begin with, the name of his dance, if classical, is inconvenient. He derives it "from *χορός*, a dance, and *διστάζω*, to glide," and explains that, "in regard to sequence of steps and rhythm, the chorolistha is different from any other known dance." Naturally, if it was not, it would not be the chorolistha, but some other known dance. "By comparison, however, it may be said to combine something of the sprightliness of the polka with the elegance of the waltz; yet withal to possess a dignity and refinement belonging rather to movements that were in vogue when dancing was recognized and taught as one of the fine arts." Never having been privileged to dance the chorolistha, or see it danced, we cannot say what it feels or looks like; but, judging from Mr. Scott's verbal description, and from the time, it appears to be, as he says (only more elegantly), something between a waltz and a polka. The partners hold each other, it appears from the letter-press and also from the picture on the back, as if they were waltzing; the tune is in common time, and is one of those melodies that sounds rather hackneyed the first time it is heard. It resembles a slightly funeral polka—perhaps, something like the "grisly polka step" that the nephew of many uncles dances "all down the silent street," in Mr. Anstey's recitation—and is not altogether unlike the airs appropriate to a weird gambol called the polka mazurka, which was rather popular twenty-five years ago, and is still to be met with occasionally in old-fashioned ball-rooms. One of the advantages claimed by Mr. Scott for the child of his fancy is that it does not make the dancer giddy, because of a "prolonged glide, which causes the figure described in rotation to become elliptical rather than circular." It may well be so, because, as far as can be discerned from the description, the dancers turn one way round for one bar and the other for the next; but all such problems will be solved by the first people who habitually dance chorolisthas. The question whether a new dance will ever become fashionable is as difficult to answer beforehand as the question whether the 11. shares of a new gold mining Company will ever sell for 20*l*. As far as concerns Mr. Scott personally, we wish him well; but, on principle, the blood of martyrs ought to be exacted before young men and women of the world consent to learn a new round dance.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF COOKERY.

THE new buildings of the National Training School of Cookery in the Buckingham Palace Road were opened to the public, last Tuesday, very appropriately by an excellent luncheon, which was cooked on the premises and by the superintendents and pupils, and certainly was a warrant that the public restaurant, which will be opened in a few weeks, may possibly prove to be one of the most successful in London. The premises are large and spacious, and the kitchens are supplied with all the latest novelties. The building, which was designed by Mr. Purdon Clarke, is in that peculiar style of architecture which is a sort of a cross between the Dutch of Amsterdam and the Elizabethan, and which is popularly known as "Queen Anne." Mrs. Clarke, the lady superintendent, whose energy is so well known in connexion with the cheap dinners during the successive exhibitions at South Kensington, managed to save a considerable sum of money for the Committee during those halcyon days, with which they have been enabled to erect the present commodious structure, where ladies and servants can be properly educated in that most necessary of domestic arts—gastronomy. The lecture-halls, of which there are two, and in which what are known as "demonstrations" take place, are already crowded daily by a number of ladies eager to be initiated in the mysteries of how sauces should be made and soups concocted, jellies rendered stiff and shapely, hares jugged, and sundry odds and ends of meat and poultry manufactured into dishes with elaborate French names. There is a tendency all over the country just now to graft on to plain English cooking a sort of nondescript *cuisine* popularly known as "entrées." And we trust that the National School of Cookery will not neglect the good, old-fashioned plain

English cookery of our ancestors, which, unfortunately, since the introduction of the all-prevalent gas-stove, has become more or less a thing of the past; for sound, wholesome English roast beef refuses to be "done" in a gas-oven, and there is as great a difference between the parboiled roast beefs and muttuns of our restaurants and the succulent dishes thereof which so rejoiced the hearts of our forebears as there is between night and day; and the same may be said of the roasting and preparing of poultry and game—an art, by the way, in which English cooks of the past excelled—for there can be no comparing an English capon prepared after the fashion of a well-conditioned country-house kitchen and that multitudinous-legged fowl who generally brings the *table d'hôte* of France to a close, and flourishes on the *menu* as "poulet au cresson." Mrs. Clarke and her lady teachers, cooks, and pupils, we are assured, have determined to study hygienic cookery; and it may perhaps interest them to know, if they are not aware of the fact, that the leading scientists of the day have condemned dish-covers, as causing the almost instantaneous decomposition of the viands beneath them, owing to the confined and hot moisture. They are utterly abolished from Bignon's, at the instance of great authorities. Be this as it may—and we only give it on hearsay report—there can be no question as to the importance of the School of Cookery, if it performs its mission, as a national institution of the highest importance, and it has the best wishes of all lovers of well-prepared and wholesome food.

CATS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE "coming-of-age" show of the National Cat Club, which has been held at the Crystal Palace this week, may be said to have been remarkable more for its feline curiosities than for any extraordinary beauty on the part of the exhibits. The Persian and Angora cats left a good deal to be desired, and, on the whole, the short-haired cats shown were far finer animals than their long-haired relations. The black Persians, in particular, were poor in number and quality, which may, perhaps, be accounted for by the fact that they are no longer as "fashionable" as their "chinchilla" or "blue" brethren. In the class for the latter uncanny-looking animals, Mrs. H. B. Thompson took the first prize with her "Winks," a winner of many prizes during its four-and-a-half years of existence, but to our mind not an altogether satisfactory cat, owing to its "blue" colour having a yellowish tinge through it. The class for pure white Persians was a good one, and Miss L. Abbott's "Beauty," which took the first prize, was a superb cat, of extraordinary size for its age of eleven months. Perhaps the fact of its being born on "India's coral strand," at Bombay, may have accelerated its growth. In Class 24, for "blue or silver tabby, with or without white," Miss F. Moore took not only first prize with "Felix," but also the special prize for the best long-haired cat in the Show; to both of which awards we take decided exception, as to our mind "Felix" was handicapped by an ugly head and an inferior coat, and altogether was not to be compared to Mrs. T. Fry's "Billy," in the same class, who, though a winner of upwards of thirty prizes in less than two years, was entirely passed over at the Show this week. A most beautiful and remarkable cat was the first prize in Class 25, Miss D. B. Gresham's "Donovan," only seven months old, with a coat like that of a Russian black fox, dark smoke-colour underneath, with black tips to the hairs, a peculiarity which we do not remember having ever seen on a cat before. There were two classes of Manx cats, with three entries in the one and two in the other, which no doubt simplified the judges' task considerably. The special prize for the best short-haired cat in the Show went to Mr. K. Hutchinson's red-tabby "May Queen," as well as the first prize in Class 13. One of the curiosities of the Show were the three tortoiseshell tom-cats, whose rarity may be judged from the fact that in the twenty other Shows held by the National Cat Club before this one, only one other male tortoiseshell has been exhibited. Indeed, so rare was this colour amongst the feline male sex, that a good many years ago a large prize was, we believe, offered for a specimen; and it is, therefore, to a certain degree comprehensible that Mr. T. Huntley, the proud owner of the first prize in the male tortoiseshell class, should price his cat, "Tote," at 200*l.* In Class 8 were two cats worthy of remark, the first and second prize-winners. Both were short-haired cats, the first, Mrs. Herring's "Roguey," a pure blue Russian cat of lively and playful demeanour. The second, a Siamese cat, "Banglempoo," belonged to Mr. H. A. Badman. The latter was a very peculiar-looking animal with a smooth fawn-coloured coat, dark brown ears and nose, and blue eyes. It looked as if it must have some relationship to the Lemur tribe. Another odd cat was Mrs. Mowser's Abyssinian cat, "Tomee," with a coat much resembling that of the Suricates and Ichneumons at the Zoological Gardens. Mr. Venables deserves praise for the careful housing of the cats in the padlocked cages of galvanized iron. That the appetites of the exhibits did not suffer from their enforced confinement may be judged from the fact that it was found necessary to provide no less than eighty gallons of milk and over three hundredweight of meat for their consumption during the Show.

MONEY MATTERS.

AS the week draws to a close the bill-brokers and discount-houses, who lately were so confident that the great financial houses would keep the money market easy, are beginning to doubt whether they have not been too sanguine. And in consequence there is a decided, though only a small, advance in the rate of discount in the open market. At the present time the receipts of revenue at the Bank of England are about a million a week, and those receipts are passed from the control of the other banks to that of the Bank of England. Further, within the next fortnight from half a million to three-quarters of a million in gold will have to be sent from London to Scotland. And, over and above all this, gold shipments to Brazil have begun again. On Wednesday and Thursday of this week they amounted to 342,000*l.*, and it is said that as much more will be sent very shortly. It is very profitable at present to send gold from this country to Rio, and therefore, over and above what is required by the new banks that are being started, the metal is being shipped, for the sake of the profit, by financial houses. Then gold is going in smaller amounts to South Africa, and it is beginning to be feared that a drain for New York may spring up. Altogether, therefore, it looks as if we were about to see a revival of apprehensions in the money market.

There is a struggle going on just now between the Mint and the bullion-brokers. For months past the Mint has been buying silver very largely. According to the City, it has bought about a million's worth. Of course this has raised the price of the metal. Last week it advanced to 43*d.* per ounce, a quotation not reached before since November of last year. The authorities of the Mint rightly or wrongly believe that an attempt is being made to make them pay more than the real market value, and they stopped buying for some days. The price in consequence fell half a farthing per oz. But when they began buying again at the beginning of this week there was a rise of twice as much, or a farthing per oz. The Mint has again stopped buying, but the price is steady. It remains to be seen whether the belief of the Mint authorities is well founded, or whether the production of silver has been so reduced by the continuous fall in the price that the available supply in the London market at present is so small that any considerable further demand causes a considerable rise in price.

Operators on the Stock Exchange are for the moment waiting upon events. The Czar's visit to Berlin has come off, and the speech from the throne in the German Parliament is very peaceful. But nothing has come of either event. It is feared that the *Liquidation* on the Berlin Bourse which is about to begin will be a difficult one. Speculation has been carried too far and money is scarce. It is hoped, nevertheless, that all the money wanted will be supplied, and that, in some way or other, the operators in difficulties will be helped over for the time being at all events. Still speculators like to be sure that nothing serious will happen before they increase their risks. Here in London, too, operators are beginning to fear that we are about to have another money scare. It may not last very long or do much harm, but it for all that may for a few days knock down prices. Above all, the situation in the Argentine Republic is disquieting. For months past a crisis has seemed imminent, but by some means it has been postponed. The public is not reassured. It fears that the agony is only being prolonged, and it dreads that when the crisis comes it will be all the more severe for the delay. Lastly, drought in the Transvaal has threatened to deprive the mines of the water they require, and temporarily at least has depressed the market. Therefore, operators are looking for some leader bold enough to take the initiative, and powerful enough to move the markets. From Paris the lead was expected. The money market there is abundantly supplied, and the great banks are known to have entered into important engagements that require stronger and more active markets. But the Paris operators have not as yet, at all events, moved effectively.

Meantime new Companies are coming out here in immense numbers, and most of them are being floated with success. The promoters take care, of course, to ensure that they are underwritten before they are offered for subscription. And they thus ensure themselves against serious loss. That they are able to get them underwritten affords the clearest proof that the public generally expects speculation to be carried much farther, and to continue for a considerable time yet. The expectation is based upon the flourishing state of trade, not only all over the United Kingdom, but on the Continent and in America. Good trade gives larger profits, out of which to make investments, and, therefore, little real difficulty is encountered in getting Companies underwritten. Every now and then, however, there is no real occasion for underwriting. The public becomes eager to subscribe, and there is a literal scramble for application forms. The latest example occurred on Thursday when the Exploration Company, Limited, was brought out. Messrs. Smith, Payne's bank, where applications were received, was besieged long before the doors were open. A body of policemen had to be called in to keep order, or the struggling crowd would have injured one another, and damaged the premises. At the Company's offices also, and at those of the Company's brokers, the services of policemen had to be secured. Before the Company was brought out, the ordinary shares were at a premium of two, and the founders' shares were quoted about 300.

The new system of founders' shares gives to promoters means of attracting underwriters. Usually one founder's share is offered to any one who will underwrite a considerable number of ordinary shares. And the inducement, as we have said, proves sufficient. Bearing in mind that founders' shares are usually of the nominal value of 1*l.* or 10*l.*, and that they in most cases take half the profits after the ordinary shareholders receive a specified percentage, it will show how much these shares have struck the fancy of the public, when we state that in one Company the founders' shares are quoted at 7,000*l.*, in another at 2,000*l.*, in another at 1,900*l.*, in another at 1,750*l.*, and in a fifth at 1,250*l.* In two cases the quotation is from 600*l.* to 700*l.*, in three cases from 300*l.* to 400*l.*, in two cases from 250*l.* to 300*l.*, and in two other cases from 140*l.* to 200*l.*

DOM LUIS I.

THE ceremonious words addressed by Queen Dona Maria Pia of Portugal to her son Dom Carlos after she had, according to an ancient Portuguese custom, shut the eyes of her dead husband, "The King is dead; long live the King!" closed rather dramatically a long reign of over twenty-eight years. When, in 1861, Dom Luis ascended the throne, his brother, the youthful King Dom Pedro V., had just died of typhus fever at the Palace of the Necessidades; whilst his younger brothers, Dom Ferdinand and Dom João, having contracted the same malady, were sinking fast. By a curious coincidence, nearly thirty years later the surviving brother, the Duke of Coimbra, died a few hours before the King, both Royal brothers being fatally stricken at the same time. His Majesty, however, had been long suffering, and a fatal termination of his malady was expected any day during the last four or five years. He was, indeed, so ill when his youngest brother expired that it is doubtful if he was ever made aware of the sad fact. Dom Luis was a man of considerable attainments and natural ability, and few sovereigns in modern times have enjoyed greater or more deserved popularity. A fairly long service in the navy when he was Infant had made him acquainted with many countries, and had considerably widened his views. Again, his father Dom Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, King Consort of Maria II., possessed exceptional ability and taste. He directed his son's education, and, above all, his artistic culture. If we compare Dom Luis with the majority of his predecessors, we find him standing out in very favourable prominence, for nothing can be imagined less intellectual or more bigoted than the Portuguese sovereigns and their Court, from Dom Sebastian of romantic fame to Dom Pedro IV., the grandfather of the late King. Beckford, who lived a good deal in Portugal in the last half of the eighteenth century, has described the Court as "insufferably dull when it was not insupportably vicious." Dull the Court of Portugal has remained, but its moral tone has under Dom Luis and Dona Maria Pia been excellent. His Majesty thoroughly understood his duties as a constitutional monarch, and although he invariably took the lead in all intellectual movements, he carefully abstained from interference in politics, except on one occasion, when he very nearly came to grief. In 1869 he strongly backed the Left in the Cortes to obtain the passing of a Bill for the sale of the considerable property still possessed by the Church after the confiscation of the lands and chattels of the enormously rich monasteries and nunneries suppressed in 1833. In this measure he was ably supported by many politicians; but Lisbon, especially, came close on witnessing some most ugly scenes. Whether an impoverished Church is to be desired in a country the inhabitants of which refuse to belong to any other than the Roman Catholic religion, or else become blatant and exceedingly frivolous Free-thinkers, remains to be seen. Hitherto it has not been pre-eminently successful, and an impoverished clergy has had a hard struggle for existence, and the spread of that peculiar kind of noisy atheism which has gained so much ground under the present Republic in France is giving serious alarm to the best thinkers among the Portuguese. Very skilful was Dom Luis in pioneering himself through the shoals created for him by General Prim, when that hot-headed personage was active in Spanish politics, and Queen Isabel II. of Spain was residing comfortably at the Palais de Castille on the Champs-Élysées, in what she was pleased to call her "charming exile." It was then proposed that Spain should be annexed to Portugal and formed into one kingdom under the Portuguese dynasty. Dom Pedro very wittily recalled to the Commission which was sent to make this proposal to him the famous story of the man who tried to sit down between two stools and fell to the ground in consequence. He had no intention, he said, to follow his example. Between these two events, and his occasional visits to Paris, London, and Turin, sometimes with and sometimes without the Queen, the late King's life was, for a sovereign, one of the quietest imaginable. However, he has witnessed great changes in his two capitals. Lisbon and Oporto, formerly the two dirtiest cities in Europe, are now about the cleanest. Tramways have succeeded amazingly well in Portugal, and Cintra and Lisbon are now connected by one of those unpicturesque means of communication which are the delight of the rising generation of citizens, who look upon "O tram!" as a sort of incarnation of that big word they so dearly love—Progress. The electric light, too, has been introduced all over the capital. The railway is still, however, a stumbling-block, for it has a

tendency to progress in Portugal more slowly than in any part of the known globe unless it be Northern Spain. Education has spread with great success, and it is difficult to find a Portuguese now under thirty who cannot read and write. Blessed with a perfect climate, lovely scenery, and many interesting old cities, Portugal is perhaps the country to be most envied in Europe. It has so many fewer troubles, and goes on its onward march very slowly, but surely; and Dom Carlos has but to follow the pacific and *dolce far niente* policy of his father to live and reign a happy and prosperous monarch. King Luis made many efforts to elevate the intellectual status of his subjects, but this was almost beyond his power. The Portuguese, a brave and sensible people, have produced fewer poets and artists than any other nation; and although they were very proud that their King should have translated *Hamlet* and *Richard III.* into excellent Portuguese verse, as a rule they contented themselves with admiring the costly binding in which the Royal version of the masterpieces of the Bard of Avon were produced instead of perusing the text. The majority preferred, and still prefer, *Frou-Frou*, and the last Parisian sensation by Sardou or Meilhac, to Shakspeare. King Luis will be sincerely mourned, and a kindly people will sympathize keenly with his gentle widow, the youngest daughter of Victor Emmanuel, Dona Maria Pia, a lady who has endeared herself singularly to her subjects. The new Queen is a daughter of the Count of Paris, and has already, as Duchess of Braganza, made herself popular.

PAR NOBILE FRATRUM.

[Mr. Barnum, who chances to be at Southport just now, is currently reported to be casting longing glances upon Cambridge Hall, where tomorrow Mr. Gladstone is to address the Lancashire Liberals.—*Daily News*.]

WHO could doubt your "longing glances"?

Surely it is plain to all

What might urge you to advances
For the hire of Cambridge Hall.

Not the grand accommodation

You would for your wonders win,
But the Unparalleled Sensation
With the hall itself "thrown in."

Yes, my Barnum! Even so men

Balked of their grand *coup* may be—

Yes, Napoleon of showmen,

You have missed your destiny!

Had the laggard Fates but brought you

Some days more "before the fair,"

Had some prescient instinct taught you

What a chance lay waiting there;

Had your stars but favoured—darn 'em!

You had made an earlier start,

And the Transatlantic Barnum
Bagged his English counterpart.

Ah! what day of radiant glory!

Ah! what hour of swelling pride!

Had you told, with him, your story

On one platform, side by side.

Saying:—"Fooldom's vast abysses

I have dropped my plummet through

In America; and this is

He who plumbs its depths with you.

"I exhibited the Mermaid,

Now, alas! laid on the shelf;

He has quite an equal stir made

With that nondescript—himself.

"I have brought you over Jumbo;

He provides you, it is clear,

With an ever-present Mumbo-

Jumbo for your worship here.

"Neither ever found resist him

Barriers to his march sublime;

Each has deeply traced his 'system'

On the records of his time.

"Both are certain of survival

Evermore on history's page;

None can say which noble rival

Likeliest is to name the age.

"Brothers kept too long asunder,

Potentates of kindred stuff,

Hail us, lords of gaping Wonder!

Crown us, kings of *blague* and puff!"

Thus would you have told your story,

Doubtless, in two nations' ears;

Thus illumined with your glory

Two awe-stricken hemispheres;

Had not stars unfriendly—darn 'em!
 Ordering you too late a start,
 Made the Transatlantic Barnum
 Miss his English counterpart.

Yes, O Yankee Gl-dst-ne! so men
 Balked of their grand coup may be—
 Yes, Napoleon of showmen!
 You have missed your destiny.

REVIEWS.

THE WINNING OF THE WEST.*

PERSONAL experience of a ranchman's life in the Far West has given Mr. Roosevelt a peculiar interest in the deeds of the men who extended the American frontier from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi. His *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman* is no doubt familiar to many of our readers, and those who know it will turn to his two new volumes with pleasurable anticipation. They will certainly not be disappointed. The story which he has to tell is full of adventure, and he tells it with abundant animation, and, though he is perhaps rather too diffuse, with considerable skill as regards both the treatment of his materials and the arrangement of his matter. His picture would not have been less effective if he had here and there refrained from elaborating details. Still it is excellent as it is, and such as we think that no one else could have set before us. He has gone to original sources for his facts, and exposes the errors of two or three popular American historians less industrious or less critical than himself. His narrative is prefaced by some admirable chapters on the characteristics of the French inhabitants of the Ohio Valley, of the Indians of the Appalachian Confederacies to the south of the Tennessee, and of the Algonquin tribes which lay between the Ohio and the Great Lakes, and of the frontier-folk, or backwoodsmen, "the vanguard of the army of fighting settlers, who with axe and rifle won their way from the Alleghanies to the Rio Grande and the Pacific." Independently of the picturesque and stirring incidents which they present, the exploits of these men are well worthy of the attention of the American historian, for they may almost be said to have laid the foundation of the greatness of the American people, inasmuch as they saved them from being cooped in between the mountains and the sea. While the actual cession of the Western territory was brought about by diplomacy, the land had already been won during the progress of the Revolutionary war.

The men who accomplished this work were not generally descendants of the early colonists; they were, as is pointed out here, for the most part the representatives of the Irish Presbyterians who came over to Philadelphia and Charleston after the beginning of the eighteenth century, and finally settled in the western portions of Virginia and the Carolinas. Along with these, however, there was, of course, a considerable admixture of men of English descent from the eastern colonies, together with a considerable number of Germans, some Dutch, and a good many French Huguenots. Colonizing and fighting independently of State help, and usually with little concert between themselves, these men won for their people the lands which now form the States of Kentucky, Illinois, and Tennessee. They were men of extraordinary courage and self-reliance, able and willing to endure extreme privations, and to pass their lives in the midst of terrible dangers. Strong, active, and keen of sight, they possessed all the qualifications necessary for tracking game and carrying on war in a wild country. While they were generally thrifty and industrious, they were also fierce, boastful, and quarrelsome. The cruelty of the Indians—a revolting subject which Mr. Roosevelt necessarily treats at some length, though not without a laudable reticence—was, of course, unmatched among the whites, yet it was the cruelty of men who knew no better, while the ferocity of the Presbyterian backwoodsman was the outcome of a partial abandonment of the restraints of civilization and Christianity. An enemy's scalp was prized as highly in his cabin as in an Indian's hut, and, as may be seen by an instance quoted here, a man of the better class among them would write a letter to his wife full of expressions of a not unrefined affection, and would end it by telling her that he was bringing home a scalp. War between the backwoodsmen and the Indians was carried on in a ferocious fashion on both sides, and, though the worst excesses of the Americans were "the misdeeds of a few uncontrollable spirits," they seldom excited any marks of disapproval on the part of the more respectable settlers. For many acts of violence and bloodshed committed by them there was, as Mr. Roosevelt urges, considerable excuse; men whose wives and children had been tortured to death by the Indians are not to be judged severely if they took a heavy vengeance. On the Indian side the war was by no means unprovoked. In correcting the follies of sentimental historians on this matter, Mr. Roosevelt once or twice leans too much in the other direction. The fact that "the Indians had no ownership of the land in the way in which we understand the term" has nothing to do with the question.

* *The Winning of the West*. By Theodore Roosevelt. Vols. I. and II. From the Alleghanies to Mississippi. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889.

Although the land on which the settlements were formed was not private property, and was, indeed, in some cases claimed by different tribes, yet not the less did the Indian see his ancient hunting-grounds on which he and his people mainly depended for sustenance taken from him and made the exclusive property of the stranger. Mr. Roosevelt puts the matter in its only true light when he says that the struggle could not have been avoided. A stronger people found it necessary to their welfare to take the lands of a weaker and savage race for themselves, to settle upon them and cultivate them, and they accordingly took them. No one who is not given over to sentimentality can doubt that they were right. On the other hand, the Indians were sorely provoked, and, as will be learnt from these volumes, were often cruelly wronged. The first attempt to extend the frontier westwards, which was destined to have permanent results, was made in Kentucky by the famous hunter Daniel Boone, about whom we have many interesting particulars. At one time he was "absolutely alone in the wilderness for three months without salt, sugar, or flour, and without the companionship of so much as a horse or dog." While he and other hunters were exploring Kentucky a settlement was formed, in 1769, on the Watauga, in the present State of Tennessee, chiefly under the leadership of James Robertson, a man of remarkable natural abilities, though of no education, and John Sevier, the son of a Huguenot gentleman. In the course of a pleasant account of this settlement Mr. Roosevelt gives the only sign of being affected by the mania for finding primitive institutions in America; he calls a little Committee elected by the settlers to carry on the actual business of government a "Witnagemot" (*sic*). His comparison is as unfortunate as his spelling. The importance of Lord Dunmore's war is well marked. As regards its cause, we are told that the "chief offence of the whites was that they trespassed upon uninhabited lands, which they proceeded forthwith to cultivate," and that in the frequent outrages which had taken place on the Border they were "more often sinned against than sinning." It would, perhaps, be a fairer way of stating the case to say that the war was caused by the appropriation, in defiance of treaties, of the hunting-grounds of the Indians for "tomahawk improvements"—a matter about which Virginia and Pennsylvania nearly came to blows. It was opened by a deed of horrible treachery and bloodshed on the part of some of the backwoodsmen. The war cowed the Northern Indians, and consequently enabled the work of settlement to proceed uninterruptedly in Kentucky during the early years of the war with Great Britain. The new communities gathered strength, and the Americans made further advances into other wild lands and into territory held by the British.

Mr. Roosevelt says a good deal about the base conduct of the English in employing Indians in the War of Independence; it must, he declares in one place, "ever rest a dark stain on their national history." Of course it is contrary to the usages of modern warfare to set a savage people to attack a civilized enemy, and a considerable party in the English Parliament protested vehemently against the proceeding. But will Americans kindly look at home? Mr. Roosevelt owns that his own people are not quite clear in this matter, but passes lightly over the unpleasant subject. It is a matter of fact that repeated efforts were made, with the full approval of Congress, to engage the services of Indian auxiliaries, and these efforts evidently did not shock educated Americans in the way that the employment of Indians in the war shocked a large number of Englishmen both in and out of Parliament. Nor is this strange; for the colonists had certainly shown no objection to profit by the help of the Indians—when they could get it—in the war with the French. In truth, the Indians were certain to join one side or the other; both the English and the Americans tried to engage them, and the English succeeded in doing so. During the first year of the war Kentucky was settled mainly through Boone's exertions; it was preserved by Clark, a young Virginian of great military capacity, who in 1777 determined to defend it by carrying the war into the country north of Ohio. Mr. Roosevelt gives a picturesque account of the surprise of Kaskaskia:—

Inside the fort the lights were lit, and through the windows came the sounds of violins. The officers of the post had given a ball, and the mirth-loving Creoles, young men and girls, were dancing and revelling within, while the sentinels had left their posts. One of his captives showed Clark a postern-gate by the river-side, and through this he entered the fort, having placed his men round about at the entrance. Advancing to the great hall where the revel was held, he leaned silently with folded arms against the doorpost, looking at the dancers. An Indian, lying on the floor of the entry, gazed intently on the stranger's face as the light from the torches within flickered across it, and suddenly sprang to his feet, uttering the unearthly war-whoop. Instantly the dancing ceased; the women screamed, while the men ran towards the door. But Clark, standing unmoved, and with unchanged face, grimly bade them continue their dancing, but to remember that they now danced under Virginia and not Great Britain.—Vol. ii. p. 45.

Clark followed up his success by taking the British post of Vincennes, and before long, unaided as he was by the central authority, conquered the whole of the Illinois territory. His conquest overawed the Indians and strengthened and encouraged the Kentucky settlers, though they were still perpetually harassed by the Indians and were often in much danger. He formed a plan for attacking Detroit, but it was brought to nothing by jealousies and bickerings between Virginia and Pennsylvania, and between the backwoodsmen themselves. The notable battle of King's Mountain is admirably described. Cornwallis, triumphant in the three

southern provinces, had marched northward with his main army, leaving Colonel Ferguson to secure his conquests. Ferguson reduced South Carolina, and was threatening North Carolina, when, at the call of McDowell, the commander of the Whig militia in the district, the mountaineers of the Watauga or Holston Settlements gathered to oppose him. Their victory at King's Mountain, in South Carolina, changed the whole aspect of affairs in the South. While they were thus facing the enemy, Robertson, the chief founder of their settlements, was engaged in planting a new colony further west on the great bend of the Cumberland river. The solitary journey which he made to Kentucky to get ammunition for the new settlers was a feat which could only have been performed by a man of extraordinary endurance and courage. On his return he successfully defended his colony against the Indians, and showed considerable skill as a civil as well as a military leader. Mr. Roosevelt's concluding chapter on "What the Westerners had done" by the end of the Revolutionary War contains a capital summary of his narrative, and some noteworthy remarks on the characteristics and circumstances of the new communities. As we did not find out his very helpful maps until we had read a large part of his book, we warn our readers to look for them at the end of each volume.

THE BLUE FAIRY-BOOK.*

EVERY generation ought to have a Fairy-Book of its own; not that alterations are required—God forbid!—but that much childhood, and that not the worst, is extremely destructive of its treasures; so that, if those treasures were not renewed, some of the most precious literature in the world would run the risk of being, even as the "Pastissier François," the exclusive possession of persons with money more certainly predicable of them than brains. There must have been Fairy-Books in the course of the last thirty years—indeed, we have seen some. But the last that you could really recommend to a friend was published some time (we think) in the forties, and was very fat, very square, and rather small in size. We have not seen it for many years; may it be blessed with as many blessings as there have been hours in them!

It would appear, however, that the absence of proper Fairy-Books has had (happily) the same effect on Mr. Andrew Lang as (*teste* Wolfram von Eschenbach) the omissions of Chrestien de Troyes had on the Mrs. Harris of the Grail legend, the Provençal Guyot, or Kyot. *Daz mac wol zörnen Kyôt.* "This made Kyot in a great rage." Kyot wrote, if he did, a large poem. Mr. Lang has not exactly written, but collected, a large book; the only fault to find by a chartered fault-finder is that the print is a little small. True, the eyes of forty-year are not the eyes of ten or twelve; but, as far as we remember, the eyes of ten or twelve were more leniently treated than this, and if they had not been the eyes of forty-year would probably have been worse than they are. Still the exiguity of the letter affords room for more of the subject, and that is always a gain. Also there are "cuts"—generally good cuts—and gilt edges (which is necessary for the young), and a very superior witch, with moon and stars, on the cover, and everything that can reasonably be expected.

The contents are worthy of the care taken with them by their editor and a bevy of contributresses—Mrs. Alfred Hunt, Miss Sylvia and Miss Violet Hunt, Miss Minnie Wright, and Miss May Kendall. As marshalled thus they consist partly of old matter and partly of new—that is to say, of matter newly presented with the freedom of the miscellaneous Fairy-Book. Those stories which had the immense good luck to be crystallized just at the right time and in the right manner by Perrault are here in early versions from him. Mme. d'Aulnoy is well sampled, though we own to a rebellious and revolutionary desire that "The Yellow Dwarf" had lost his rights of citizenship. This ugly legend has always seemed to us a spot and blemish on its company. It is contrary to all principle for the good Mermaid to have been defeated as she was, and for the "Fairy of the Desert" to have, without any reason assigned, taken part against those who wished to consult her. Moreover the story is ill-told, and we believe it does gross injustice to the Yellow Dwarf—all the more that Bellissima is the least interesting of all fairy-tale heroines, and the King of the Gold Mines a stupid young chuckle-head. However this is not Mr. Lang's fault, or Miss Minnie Wright's. A contingent has been drawn from Grimm, and we need not say a stout contingent too, with the immortal "Little Tailor" and the young man who did not know how to shudder at generals. The "Cabinet des Fées" furnishes not a few, most of which will, or at least may, be novel. But the newest new comers in a book of the kind have yet to be mentioned. The Norse collections of Asbjørnsen and Moe have supplied several which are interesting and curiously different in tone, not only from the English and French classics, but even from the Grimm tales, to which they come nearest. "East of the Sun, West of the Moon," has little more than part of its framework in common with Mr. William Morris's delightful poem, and combines therewith a Cupid-and-Psyche-like central incident, some machinery recalling that of Andersen's "Garden of Paradise," and a rather grotesque conclusion. "The Master-

Maid" is very Grimmish and pleasing; also here may you discover "Why the Sea is Salt," and read an agreeable legend of a male Cinderella in "The Princess on the Glass Hill." To these add two specimens of the Scotch tale, "The Red Etin" and "The Black Bull of Norway"; one experiment by Mr. Lang himself, "The Terrible Head," a fairytalizing of the story of Perseus; some "condensations" from *Gulliver* and the *Arabian Nights*; with a few of the old "Nursery" tales, such as "Whittington" and "Jack the Giant-killer." Mr. Lang complains of the difficulty of getting a good version of these chap-book stories, and the complaint is justified. A very well-known student and reproducer of old English literature once excited lively hopes among his subscribers by promising them early seventeenth, if not sixteenth, century versions of them. But he proved to be faithless and mansworn, alleging the impossibility of finding early copies. How little old the accepted versions are may be seen from the reference to "The Royal Academy of Arts" (unless, indeed, this be a waggishness of Mr. Lang's) in the present "Whittington."

This makes beyond all question an excellent bill of fare, objections to which can only be made with the proviso that the dinner as it stands is excellent. On some grounds we might have preferred the omission of the "condensations" from *Gulliver* and the *Arabian Nights*, both of them books which children ought to read as wholes. "To be acquainted with you, sir, must be a pleasure in whatever company you choose to appear" may a man justly say (slightly altering his Grace of Hamilton's words) to Captain Lemuel, to that admirable gentleman Prince Ahmed, who had luck equal to his deserts and deserts equal to his luck, and even to Master Aladdin, of whom not quite so much can be said as far as the deserts go. There is no Wonder-book that these persons would not adorn, and none that can show more excellent matter. But the separation of them from their proper "surroundings" may perhaps encourage the detestable neglect of classics as classics and wholes which is too common nowadays. Youth is a light if not a holy thing, and even if it chanced upon the precious *Nights*, and happened to open one already read tale, it might chance to say "Oh, I've read that!" and turn away. As for *Gulliver*, there is another objection, that Swift is too great an artist for it to be safe or right to meddle in any way with his own presentment of his own masterpieces. Mr. Lang's "Terrible Head" (the only possible objection to which title is that it suggests the morning after a feast) is, on the other hand, a most excellent experiment. The throwing of Greek *märchen* into recognized *märchen* form has, indeed, been tried before, notably by Kingsley. But in most of these former trials the attempt to moralize has too often mastered the adapters. Mr. Lang has not succumbed to this evil lust, and we should have been glad of more specimens. Also we should have liked to see, in the place of the "condensations," some more of the old favourites, such as the "Seven Champions" (it is quite ghastly to find how ignorant the present generation is of the "Seven Champions"), "Valentine and Orson," and so forth. But, after all, any one can refashion a book according to his own fancy, and the process is something idle and also something ungrateful. The actual collection is unrivalled in one point—the number of different styles which it exhibits. The opening tale, the "Bronze Ring" (said to be Minor-Asiatic), a curious and interesting medley of the Youngest-Brother motive and of *Aladdin*, strikes of itself this note of variety, which is kept up throughout both in individual tales and in the juxtaposition of the contents.

Of the delightfulness of those contents in general it should be necessary to say very little. Perhaps the best thing we can say is that, though hardly a page in the book is new to us, it has given us two evenings' reading of the most satisfactory character. For this kind of stuff has the peculiar charm which belongs only to the very finest literature, and to certain matter which is not, at least designedly, literature at all. Let us take two examples as opposite as possible. One is from the baldest and weakest of all the versions—that of "Jack the Giant-killer." It runs: "Jack having hitherto been successful in all his undertakings, resolved not to be idle in future: he therefore furnished himself with a horse, a cap of knowledge, a sword of sharpness, shoes of swiftness, and an invisible coat, the better to perform the wonderful enterprises that lay before him." Can anything be nicer than this? There is no nasty modern attempt to explain how and where these wonderful things were "furnished." The chronicler mentions the furniture just as he might have mentioned a Gladstone-bag, rug-straps, a hat-box, and a hansom cab—as things attainable round the world in all civilized communities. To take a very different example—one of the most delightful of all—"Beauty and the Beast." When the clock rouses Beauty by "calling her name softly twelve times," when she "sees herself reflected on every side, and thinks she has never seen so charming a room," when "wax-candles in diamond and ruby candlesticks begin to light themselves" everywhere, is this mere childish exaggeration? Not at all. It is the protest of literature, of art, though in the simplest forms of both, against a dull and stupid Naturalism. With that protest you cannot soak the human mind too early or too thoroughly, that so it may be warned beforehand against sciolism and *das Gemeine*. A good stock of fairy-tales will carry a man, provided he has a tolerably stout heart and not too stupid a head, through anything. He never knows whether the fairy Paribanou will not take it into her head to be one who *dignabitur cubili* even his insignificant self, whether the bronze ring or the shabby old lamp will not make him an Aladdin; whether the stratagem of the leathern

* The Blue Fairy-Book. Edited by Andrew Lang. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

bag will not come to his thoughts in time to rid him of the Welsh giant; whether the fiery cats and dogs will not turn out to be beasts easily mastered by help of a "carving-bench" and knife. *Fata* (and *fata* means fairy, though Virgil did not know it) *viam invenient* is his motto. And, even if the way never opens to any good purpose, if Beauty never appears (he must be an uncommonly unlucky Beast if she never does), at any rate he has these happier things to fall back upon, and to console himself with, in the impenetrable seclusion of fantastic memory.

HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES.*

THE first edition of *Haydn* appeared forty-eight years ago. The late Mr. Joseph Haydn continued to edit and revise it until 1855, when it had gone through six editions. Mr. Vincent corrected the seventh, and has since, he tells us, thoroughly renovated the book, "by revision and correction and copious additions," so that, as he adds, "little of the original work remains." There are few books more often referred to in any literary workshop, and few more useful. It stands, in fact, without a rival, and is so good—we regret to say it—that it should be a great deal better. In making a careful examination of this new issue we must not be understood as wishing in any way to depreciate a most valuable publication, and cannot do better than take Mr. Vincent's own "three heads" as our guide. We may test the "copious additions" first, and here we can only stand amazed at the care and industry with which recent events have been chronicled. The battle of Toski, and all the events which led to it, are entered up; the opening of the Savoy Hotel, the Maybrick trial, the latest Parnellite imprisonment, the invention of carbo-dynamite, and the journey of the Shah of Persia, are among the latest additions. Of course, events so old as the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, the early vagaries of the London County Council, and the annexation of Socotra are to be found under their respective heads. In this department, if there is a fault to be found, it is that the entries are, if anything, too copious; but as the volume has not yet grown to an unmanageable size, this may well be passed over. In fact, for any event which has happened, here or elsewhere, within the last twenty years or so this *Dictionary* is marvellously exact and full. We may say the same for all dates back to the beginning of the sixteenth century at least, although a few minutes' examination will show that it is in recent and contemporary history that Mr. Vincent is strongest. We find, for example, both "Sepoy" and "Spahi" in their respective places, though Mr. Vincent does not note the identity of the names, giving the former to Hindostanee, and "Spahi," apparently, to Turkish, although it is far more probable that both are Arabic. This is not a matter of much consequence, and has nothing to do with chronology. So, too, we find the modern signification of "Separatist" duly given with its date, as well as the date of an obscure religious movement of the same name. Dr. Kenealy's *Englishman* is mentioned, and so is the extinction of the *Examiner* in 1881. The chronology of Irish history is admirable for the last two or even three centuries, but is more than vague in the mediæval and ancient periods.

This brings us to the second and third points in Mr. Vincent's preface. He asserts that by revision and correction little of the original work remains. A copy of the fifth edition is before us, the last but one which Haydn himself corrected. Many people are familiar with the curious chronology of forty years ago, and know where to look for the choicest flowers. Here, however, we may take one or two passages as far apart as possible. Under "Universities" Haydn assigns doubtfully the year 626 as the foundation of Cambridge, and more positively 900. Oxford was founded in 886. Wishing to correct our views by the light of the present year, we consult Mr. Vincent's new volume. Here is the entry about Cambridge:—"Cambridge, began about 635 (?); revived, 1109." This is surprising enough, but we turn to the sister University. Under "Oxford" we are referred to a separate notice, which begins as follows:—"An academy here is described as ancient by Pope Martin II. in a deed 802. Alfred founded the schools about 879." A few entries like these are calculated to shake our faith in Mr. Vincent's knowledge, not so much of mediæval history as of modern research. We look at "Guilds"—a word prudently avoided by Haydn. Mr. Vincent informs us that the London guilds "became Livery Companies in the fourteenth century." This provokes us to look for some further London entries. True, the early history of London is not very clear, but a great deal has been done of late to clear it, and we expect a book of this kind to have the latest light on such a subject. We look in the old edition, and find that Haydn, as was to be expected, made, under the heading of "Common Council," at least two mistakes. He says its "formation commenced about 1208," and goes on to confound it with the Folk Mote, a totally different body. We look at Mr. Vincent's volume to obtain more exact information, and find that he has simply repeated Haydn's words, adding some notes, not corrections, of his own. This discovery stimulates us to further research under "London." Haydn tells us that London was enlarged by the Romans in A.D. 49; that it was walled in

and a palace built in 306; that it was made a bishop's See, and Restitutius appointed first bishop, in 514; that Theonius was the second and St. Melitus the third bishop. There are some further entries of a similar character; and we may stop at the date 1242, when, we learn, aldermen were appointed with important privileges. At the foot of the page are some notes quoted from a writer named Leigh. Leigh is apparently unmentioned by Lowndes; but he may have been a London authority in 1851. We now turn to Mr. Vincent's edition. Here we find 179 as the date of "Theanus," and Restitutius omitted; 306 is repeated as the date of the walls, though in a foot-note 379 is offered as an alternative; the appointment of aldermen in 1242 is repeated; and the mysterious Leigh is quoted as before. This is discouraging; but, after all, London chronology is a little difficult, and we had better look for a subject of a different character. The name of the Pyramids attracts attention, and we read that "the first building commenced, it is supposed, about 1500 B.C. The greatest is said to have been erected by Cheops, 1082 B.C.; but earlier dates are assigned." We had imagined that every learned individual, every school-boy, by this time knew that in 1500 B.C. the eighteenth dynasty was on the Egyptian throne; that in 1082 B.C. Egypt was under the rule of the dynasty of Sheshork or Shishak, while Cheops belonged to the fourth dynasty. But Mr. Vincent shuts his eyes to all the researches of M. Maspero, the late Mariette, Mr. Petrie, Sir Erasmus Wilson, Miss Edwards, and the dozens of other writers of the day who have published works which are not in the least recondite on the subject. He quotes three authorities, Belzoni, Vyse, and Mr. Piazzi Smyth. Our experience of Mr. Vincent on Pyramids tempts us to enquire further what he has to say about early Egyptian chronology, the more so as we remember an exceedingly amusing passage on the subject in Haydn's edition, in which a knowledge of Egypt, its kings and gods, is displayed which proves that in 1851 we had not advanced beyond the level of Milton with his "Isis and Orus and the dog Anubis." Haydn begins with Mizraim, who built Memphis B.C. 2188. His authority for this statement is "Blair." We are unacquainted with the name of Blair as an Egyptologist. But to continue. Athotes invented hieroglyphics in 2122; and Busiris built Thebes in 2111. This last statement has the name of "Usher" appended to it. Can this have been intended for the great Archbishop Usher, whose chronological scheme is somewhat out of date now? Further on we are told about Osymandyas, who flourished in 2100, which would be about the time of the twelfth dynasty. Although, as we have seen, Athotes invented hieroglyphics, Memnon, in 1822, invented the Egyptian letters. Lastly, not to quote too much from this wonderfully superannuated system, we may look at the notice of Thuoris, "the Proteus of the Greeks, who had the faculty of assuming whatever form he pleased, as of a lion, a dragon, a tree, water, fire," and who reigned in 189. Of this remarkable potentate Haydn adds a cautious note culled from the before-mentioned Blair:—"These fictions were probably intended to mark the profound policy of this king, who was eminent for his wisdom, by which his dominion flourished."

We may now turn to the pages of Mr. Vincent, remembering that, absurd and even childish as some of Haydn's entries are, they really represented the state of knowledge of Egyptology forty years ago. There are things just as silly in Wilkinson and in Sharpe. Since then, of course, Birch in England, Brugsch and Wiedemann in Germany, De Rougé and Chabas in France, to mention only a few names, have given us clear chronological tables, and have showed us that it is possible to date approximately, but still with due regard to succession, every Pharaoh, from the time of Aahmes down. In a *Dictionary of Dates* we naturally expect some kind of synopsis of the systems of these authorities—such a synopsis as is to be found in *Murray* and in *Baedecker*, and other not very rare books. What is our surprise to find that Mr. Vincent's knowledge of Egyptian chronology varies hardly at all from that of Mr. Haydn. He begins—this is a fact which any one may verify who will look at p. 294 of this nineteenth edition—with "Mizraim, the son of Ham, the second son of Noah, 2188 B.C.," and we have the quotations from Blair as before; and the date of Athotes, who invented hieroglyphics; of Busiris, of Osymandyas, and of Memnon, who invented Egyptian characters. The notice of Thuoris is somewhat abbreviated, and there are a few other minor alterations; but the Egyptian chronology which was bad enough in a book of this kind even so far back as 1851 is actually offered to us, mainly unchanged, in 1889. Our judgment upon this nineteenth edition must unfortunately be that it is useful for contemporary history, not quite so useful for dates two hundred years old, and absolutely misleading, not to say ridiculous, for ancient chronology. In order to give the book the fairest trial possible, we have taken our examples from subjects as widely apart as possible. We cannot but fear that Mr. Vincent has been so busy with what is going on around him that he has forgotten to fulfil the promise of his preface. Not only does a great quantity of the original work remain, but a great quantity which is ludicrously inaccurate and ignorant in the present year of grace.

REMINISCENCES OF A LITERARY AND CLERICAL LIFE.*

THE anonymous writer of these "Recollections" has collected materials in the course of a rambling life for a couple of

* *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates and Universal Information relating to all Ages and Nations*. Nineteenth edition, containing the History of the World to the Autumn of 1889. By Benjamin Vincent. London: Ward & Lock. 1889.

* *Reminiscences of a Literary and Clerical Life*. By the Author of "Three-cornered Essays" &c. London: Ward & Downey. 1889.

entertaining and instructive volumes. The arrangement, or rather the disarrangement, of their very miscellaneous contents necessarily compels a desultory notice. He has known many celebrated men, and he tells not a few amusing stories. But in his first volume he scarcely does himself justice. To tell the truth, some of the anecdotes rather reminded us of Captain Sumph's reminiscences of "poor Byron" at Mr. Bungay's famous dinner in Paternoster Row; and some of his impressions of foreign travel are more true than original. It is indisputable, for example, that the Rhine scenery is less sublime than that of Switzerland, and it had struck us before that the visits of English tourists were not unprofitable to the hotel-keepers in the Confederation. But as we said, in spinning out some of the earlier chapters with remarks of the kind, he has hardly been fair to himself. The book gets better and better as we read on, and the second volume is decidedly superior to the first. He always writes brightly, even on serious subjects, and he has much to say about clerical work in London and the country; about hospitals, charities, and the condition of the poor in crowded city parishes as well as in rural districts. He seems to have had somewhat exceptional experiences. Thanks to the delicate constitution, which doubtless he considered anything rather than a blessing, he has been a rolling stone, although a busy man. He has been always, as the Americans say, recuperating the health which refused to be permanently established on any terms. Just as he was getting into the swing of good work the doctors would send him away for change of climate. So he has been serving as curate or incumbent and inhaling the fresh sea-breezes in a variety of southern parishes and popular health-resorts. He has spent a good deal of time abroad; he has made many flying trips besides to the Continent; and he boasts that he has gone abroad with a conscience void of offence, since he knows picturesque England far better than most other men. Moreover, as he has had neither the luck nor the health to get and hold a snug living, he has had to eke out a limited income by his pen; which explains the literary side of the Recollections, as in the course of his labours as a literary "casual" he has come in contact with editors, more or less distinguished, publishers, and fellow-authors.

The Recollections are carried back to those of his father and uncle, and some of these are not the least piquant or suggestive. His father used to repeat a curious dialogue illustrative of the old school of orthodox scholasticism. An inquisitive boy demanded, "Pray, Mr. Simon, what became of Socrates and Plato and Cicero, and all the virtuous heathen?" "All gone to Hell, boy, for the glory of God," was the summary and unhesitating solution of the difficulty. He had an uncle who perhaps made one of the most profitable speculations on record, even in the good old days of purchased offices and pensions. He had bought for 1,000*l.* his place as Registrar in Chancery. He drew the emoluments for fifty years, retired upon full pay, and lived five-and-twenty years longer in the enjoyment of it. But the old official, with all his experience, was weak enough to be once let in for a Chancery suit. Lord Eldon was naturally astounded to see him in the court as a suitor. "Is it possible," he asked with melancholy astonishment, "that you can yourself be one of the parties in this cause?" And the Registrar was compelled to acknowledge, *coram publico*, "I am grieved and ashamed, my Lord, that such is the case." Judgment in due course was given against him, and he may have consoled himself with the reflection that it served him right. The old Registrar had been an acquaintance of John Newton, who, having led a wild and wicked life in his youth, and having been a dealer in "black ivory" on the Slave Coast, declared himself afterwards, with better reason than John Bunyan, to have been one of the vilest of sinners. Certainly his subsequent career proved the sincerity of his penitence. He became a burning and a shining light, and ladies in especial fluttered round him like the moths round a lamp in West Africa. He preached to the last; but in his old age he would often come to a pause in the middle of the sermon. He had a servant stationed behind him in the pulpit to remind him of the point at which he had broken off. He gave breakfasts, like Rogers and Lord Houghton and other illustrious men of letters, though, as may be supposed, in a different style and to very different company. The guests were admirers and worshippers, who literally hung upon his lips, and when the lips were seen to move or when a sound proceeded from them an anxious whisper circulated, "What did he say?" "He only cleared his throat" was latterly too often the unsatisfactory answer.

The author's first clerical charge was not remunerative. The most virulent Dissenter could not have asserted that he was likely to fatten on its loaves and fishes. The stipend was ten shillings, and the vicar owed him the money. The vicar does not appear to have overworked himself, though the field of what should have been his labours carried a heavy crop ripe for the harvest. In answer to a question of the new curate he estimated the number of his parishioners at about eight thousand. A census chanced to be taken immediately afterwards, and it turned out that the population was exactly the double of that. With an unpaid professional income of ten shillings the young curate naturally tried to supplement it and sought to turn his pen to profitable account. He gives a humorous account of various of his earlier experiences. He had offered a paper on some ecclesiastical subject to the editor of a religious serial. The editor handed it back with a light-hearted and friendly apology. "No,

my dear sir, this sort of paper will never do. It has not got the light touch." "Now here," he went on, taking up a rival periodical, "we have an article of the right kind. If you could only write like this fellow it might do." "This fellow," as it happened, was the rejected contributor, and the editor, with the unblushing coolness of his craft, is said to have at once accepted the contribution. There are queer and somewhat satirical stories of his many medical consultations. He had a feeble chest or lungs, and the pessimist doctors would insist on condemning him as hopelessly consumptive. One of those who hesitated over the case hastened to apologize for presuming to differ from so many eminent authorities. After giving some faint gleams of hope, he went on:—"Not that I for a moment mean to assert that you are not in a consumption. Very likely you are." The author was ready enough to seek fine air and sunshine by way of remedies, but he objected to the cod-liver oil which was invariably prescribed. But tastes differ, as he discovered when he once asked a consumptive friend to lunch. Being facetious, like Dominic Sampson, he said he was sorry he had no wine, and could only offer cod-liver oil. "Nothing I like better," exclaimed the jovial guest; and "there he sat, after lunch, sipping his cod-liver oil as contentedly as I have seen people take their '34 port." At St. Leonard's he made the acquaintance of another clerical eccentric. The two invalids had seen a good deal of each other, of course talking over their symptoms and prospects. But gradually the stranger's face came to wear scowls instead of smiles. "One day he approached me with the air of a man unmasking a hypocrite, and said in a withering tone of voice, 'You're not in a consumption,' and turned on his heel and contemptuously left me." That patient acted conscientiously up to his principles, like Mr. Weller's acquaintance who blew out his brains after the surfeit of forbidden crumpets, for he went and died immediately afterwards.

If space admitted, we should gladly touch on the graver aspects of the author's observations on prisons and hospitals, which are well deserving of attention. He shows that, on the whole, there has been a remarkable and very steady improvement in prison discipline, though probably the problem will never be satisfactorily solved of meting out punishment fairly in equal proportions to the different classes of offenders. He was curious to see the unfortunate nobleman, who, after laying the unlucky Tichborne family under relentless contribution, was serving out his well-merited sentence at Dartmoor. He saw the gang in which Orton was at work, but could not distinguish the culprit. Regular life and the daily spell of hard labour had trained down that portly form into the semblance of normal humanity. He has much to say in praise of the general management of hospitals, and the care bestowed on the patients by the nurses and medical attendants. He mentions, by the way, when speaking of his visits to the Consumption Hospital at Brompton, that one of the wards bears the name of Whyte-Melville. It appears that the brilliant novelist, with unostentatious generosity, had endowed it out of his literary gains; a fact which throws a light on the serious and religious tone of some of the scenes in his later books. *A propos* of missions, the writer has much to tell of his friend Bishop Hannington, who crowned a career of good works by winning the crown of martyrdom. A year before that he had the remarkable escape which puts the saint and martyr in a very comical light. One day, when taking his walk abroad in the jungles, he saw a pretty little creature, which came fawning up to him like a puppy. He picked it up and began to fondle it. Whereupon some natives who were with him howled and bolted. Knowing what was likely to follow, the panic-stricken niggers were hardly to be blamed. The good missionary had taken a lion's whelp to his bosom, and the infuriated parents made their appearance on the scene. The Bishop showed equal pluck and presence of mind. Dropping the cub, he put up his umbrella, and gallantly charged the lion and lioness, dancing and yelling as if he had been one of the unconverted pagans celebrating some diabolical rite. Terror at the hideous sight and sounds got the better of paternal and maternal affection, and "the great cats turned tail and rushed back to their lair in the forest." We cannot profess to enter on the numerous reminiscences of men who, though perhaps less deserving of fame, are better known than the admirable African Bishop. But we may say that, unavoidably, we have left unnoticed what are perhaps the most interesting chapters in the book.

STAGELAND.*

STAGELAND, by Jerome K. Jerome, is only a trifle, but a merry and witty trifle. Stageland, as most of our readers are aware, is situated on the north-eastern littoral of Bohemia, and by some publicists is called Scribia, after its first discoverer, M. Scribe. In this work the characteristics of its leading inhabitants are described, as are also its ethics, laws, language, costume, and modes of thought. The subject has already been touched upon by Thackeray in "A Night's Pleasure," but we do not find the archetypes of Frank Nightrake and Bob FitzOlfley in Mr.

* *Stageland: Curious Habits and Customs of its Inhabitants.* Described by Jerome K. Jerome, Author of "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" &c. Drawn by J. Bernard Partridge. Second edition. London: Chatto & Windus. 1889.

Jerome's gallery of portraits, nor even "that impossible valet of English comedy, whom any gentleman would turn out of doors before he could get through half a length of the dialogue assigned to him." Nor do we find the village innkeeper, the white-haired villager, the good young man, Cousin Jack (of the mercantile marine), the old family servant, the gipsy woman, the choleric Major (in undress uniform), the Jew, the wicked squire and the "instruments of his purpose," the smuggler ("once on board the lugger, and then—!"), and many other familiar faces. Mr. Jerome, wisely perhaps, confines his observations to a few leading types, such as "the hero," "the villain" (the central pivot of all melodrama), "the comic man," &c. His description of the hero's incapacity for keeping out of hot water is delicious, and we quite agree that, if the heroine married the villain and went to live somewhere abroad well out of the way of the comic man, she would be much happier than the hero is ever likely to make her:—

The stage hero [remarks Mr. Jerome] never talks in a simple, straightforward way, like a mere ordinary mortal.

"You will write to me when you are away, Dear, won't you?" says the heroine.

A mere human being would reply:

"Why, of course I shall, Ducky, every day."

But the stage hero is a superior creature. He says:

"Dost see yonder star, Sweet?"

She looks up, and owns that she does see yonder star; and then off he starts and drives on about that star for full five minutes, and says that he will cease to write to her when that pale star has fallen from its place amidst the firmament of Heaven.

We cannot resist quoting the following "points of Stage law," being the only ones, the author assures us, as to which he is at all clear:—

That if a man dies without leaving a will, then all his property goes to the nearest villain.

But that if a man dies, and leaves a will, then all his property goes to whoever can get possession of that will.

That the accidental loss of a three-and-sixpenny copy of a marriage certificate annuls the marriage.

That the evidence of one prejudiced witness, of shady antecedents, is quite sufficient to convict the most stainless and irreproachable gentleman of crimes for the commission of which he could have no possible motive. But that this evidence may be rebutted, years afterwards, and the conviction quashed without further trial, by the unsupported statement of the comic man.

That, if A forges B's name to a cheque, then the law of the land is that B shall be sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

That ten minutes' notice is all that is required to foreclose a mortgage.

That all trials of criminal cases take place in the front parlour of the victim's house, the villain acting as counsel, judge, and jury rolled into one, and a couple of policemen being told off to follow his instructions.

The descriptions of "The Lawyer," "The Adventuress," and, above all, "The Villain," are capital; and so are the illustrations. We recommend *Stageland* to all who love the country where, as one of its poets tells us,

lovers go in fours,
Mistress and master, man and maid;
Where people listen at the doors,
Or 'neath a table's friendly shade;
And comic Irishmen in scores
Roam o'er the scenes all undismayed.

A land where virtue in distress
Owes much to uncles in disguise;
Where British sailors freely bless
Their limbs, their timbers, and their eyes;
And where the villain doth confess
Conveniently before he dies.

A land of lovers false and gay,
A land where people dread a "curse";
A land of letters gone astray,
Or intercepted, which is worse;
Where weddings false fond maids betray,
And all the babes are changed at nurse.

THREE MEDICAL BOOKS.*

IN writing a treatise for the instruction of mothers as to the proper means for keeping their children in health Dr. Starr has undertaken a task of the highest responsibility. Few women will read more than one such book, hence it is essential that it should be free from error. Such being the case, we think a somewhat detailed criticism of this work due to our readers. The first chapter contains a description of the features of health, and the most common and easily recognized symptoms of a departure from the normal condition. It is thoughtful and well written, but the difficulty of setting down in black and white an exact analysis of the numerous, and often fleeting, indications of the various diseases and disorders to which children are subject is very great. In the second chapter the situation, size, lighting, furnishing, heating, ventilation, and cleaning of the day and night nurseries are considered. Most of the remarks on these subjects are judicious, but there are one or two to which we must take exception. In our opinion a ten, not an eight, feet cube

* *Hygiene of the Nursery*. By Louis Starr, M.D. London: H. K. Lewis.

Notes on Medical Education. By Sir James Sawyer, Knt., M.D. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

Address to Medical Graduates of the University of Edinburgh. By Alexander Crum Brown, M.D. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

should be considered the minimum size admissible in a room for a single child. Unless the nursery be unusually spacious we look upon gas as a highly objectionable mode of lighting it, both on account of the impurities it throws into the air and the great heat it evolves. On the subject of furnishing we do not agree with Dr. Starr in thinking the most satisfactory decoration of the nursery walls can be carried out by putting up "a few highly-coloured striking prints." The child's education in art cannot begin too early, and it would be a pity that the refining effect of the beautifully illustrated books for children, which are now so numerous, should be marred by doubtful taste in their daily surroundings. In recommending that a few plants, a bird, or a globe of fish should be placed in the day-nursery we are entirely at one with the author. We think that the temperature advised for this room—namely, 68° to 70° F.—too high, and that from 63° to 66° would be a better range for both day and night nursery. The characteristics which are desirable in the nursemaid are well set forth in the third chapter. We look upon the directions for clothing children, in the next chapter, as most excellent. There is, however, a curious though unimportant error on p. 97, where a plate, on the following page, of the sole of the left foot is spoken of as a tracing of the right. We do not think, with the author, that the heel of the shoe should be made decidedly thicker than the sole as soon as a child begins to walk. Chapter V., on exercise and amusements, is admirable as far as the former is concerned, but the latter receives scant notice; indeed, there is not much advice beyond a somewhat unnecessary protest against bicycles and roller-skates. In the sixth chapter the hours which should be devoted to sleep are mentioned, and the little bed with its proper furniture and surroundings is carefully described. Chapter VII., on bathing and washing, leaves nothing to be desired. In Chapters VIII. and IX. the natural and artificial methods of feeding infants are intelligently and completely discussed, as also the dietary of older children. In the last chapter, headed *Emergencies*, instructions are given for the guidance of parents in case of accident or sudden illness. The guardian of the child would be justified in acting without skilled advice in a few of the circumstances here mentioned, but in the majority it would be wiser to consult a medical man. It is suggested, in the paragraph on convulsions, that bromide of potassium should be administered; we do not think this drug should be prescribed except by a medical man, or occupy a place in the family medicine chest. The assertion in the note on p. 244 that "heat and cold act in the same way upon the blood-vessels, contracting them and preventing the transudation of blood," is apt to be misleading. It should be explained that the water must be very hot, for warm water dilates the blood-vessels.

The subjects which are ordinarily considered in introductory addresses at medical schools are worn somewhat threadbare. Having regard to the number which are delivered each succeeding October, and the limited range of topics suitable for discussion on these occasions, this is not a matter for surprise. On this account we think that the republication of such addresses, unless they contain something novel and original, is to be deprecated. We fear that Sir James Sawyer's notes on medical education cannot be held to possess either novelty or originality. The address delivered in 1879 opens with a eulogy of the Birmingham Medical School and its founder. We do not doubt that it is well deserved, but that it is of much interest outside that flourishing town. The remainder of it consists of advice, excellent for medical students, but not adapted to the requirements of the general reader. The other two addresses are much in the same style—wholly unobjectionable, displaying much good feeling and considerable literary knowledge, but forming, with the first, a whole which is scarcely of sufficient importance to merit the dignity of forming a book.

Dr. A. Crum Brown's address to the medical graduates of Edinburgh is open to similar criticism. It is, however, published in the less pretentious form of a paper-covered pamphlet. Its morals and manner are unexceptionable, and we trust that its sentiments were as fully appreciated by Dr. Brown's hearers as they deserve. We cannot, however, see that it is more worthy of publication than an ordinary sermon or good after-dinner speech.

LIFE-SAVING APPLIANCES AT SEA.*

A *SHORT Explanatory Commentary on the Merchant Shipping (Life-saving Appliances) Act* is an unpretending little brochure intended for the use of shipowners in calculating the number of extra boats and "buoyant apparatus" which the law will insist upon all vessels being provided with after the 30th of March, 1890. It may be news to some of our readers that, after that date, every one who goes to sea in a British merchant ship will have a life-belt provided for him, and also, if he ventures out of fresh or smooth water, a place in a boat or on some "buoyant apparatus" sufficient to support him. The intention of the Act is that no vessel shall proceed to sea without sufficient boats to contain all the souls on board of her; and this provision we cannot but think a very praiseworthy one, though we anticipate com-

* *A Short Explanatory Commentary on the Merchant Shipping (Life-saving Appliances) Act, 1888 (51 & 52 Vict. c. 24)*. By F. W. Brewster, M.A. Published by "The New Patent Buoyancy and Unsinkable Boat Co.," Greenwich.

considerable friction when it is first attempted to be carried out. Beyond the great steamship Companies, few shipowners as yet seem even aware of the existence of the Act; and as most seafarers feel as much contempt as Rob Roy himself for "a twa-legged creature that goes about on the quay plaguing folk about permits, and cockits, and docks, and a' that vexatious trade," we can hardly expect that so sweeping a measure can be put in force without some trouble at the outset. When, however, the public discovers that, if its ship sinks under it at sea, it has a legal right to something to float upon, we think that the officials may, at any rate, count upon its sympathy. It is strange, however, to observe how apathetic people seem about disasters at sea. The breaking of the axle of a London omnibus or a block on the Metropolitan Railway will interest thousands who are quite unmoved when they read of scores of people drowning off the North Foreland for want of proper life-saving apparatus; and it is hard to help people who do not seem to care to help themselves.

Coming to details, we find two classes of lifeboat, (A) and (B), the (A) variety consisting of a

properly constructed Life Boat of wood or metal fitted inside with at least 1½ cubic feet of strong buoyant compartments (such that the water cannot find its way into them) to every 10 feet of the boat's capacity. These boats are deemed fit to carry one adult person to every 10 feet of their cubic capacity.

The (B) variety consists of a properly constructed Life Boat of wood or metal fitted outside with at least ¾ cubic foot of buoyancy apparatus to every 10 feet of the boat's cubic capacity, and fitted inside with sufficient buoyancy apparatus to make up the total buoyancy apparatus to 1½ cubic feet to every 10 feet of the boat's capacity.

By "outside buoyancy" is understood "that which is external of the usual lines of any particular form of boat, and therefore is of the nature of an excrescence."

These boats are deemed fit to carry one person to every 8 feet of their cubic capacity, and have exactly the same outfit as the (A) variety.

Now, as Mr. Brewster points out, these paragraphs will clearly lead all shipowners to adopt the (B) variety; for, not only will the outside buoyancy—carried in the form of a rubber or wale running the length of the gunwale, and stuffed with cork, &c.—make it the better sea-boat of the two, but, as both boats have the same amount of buoyancy, what owner will not prefer the cheaper form, in which each person, instead of 1½ cubic feet of buoyancy, will have only 1½ cubic feet allotted to him? The (B) variety is the better sea-boat of the two; but surely she should not be allowed to carry over twenty per cent. more people. But this is but a slight flaw in the Act, compared with the rule for boats of the (D) variety, where the number of people to be carried is, again, twenty per cent. more than the (A) variety, and they do not have "any buoyancy at all" provided for them. Lord Byron tells us that "a tight boat will live in a rough sea Except with breakers underneath her lee"; and this fact seems to be all that some of the passengers or crew will have to trust to when abandoning their vessel; for, as "no ship," we are repeatedly reminded, "is obliged to carry more boats than will accommodate all on board of her," it follows that, in the last resort, a certain number of persons would have to make use of the (D) variety boats (of which two are allowed to be carried), and the occupants of these boats would consequently have a far worse chance of saving their lives than any of the others, and this for no better reason than that the lighter a boat is the less trouble she is to get up to her davits.

There is another very unsatisfactory paragraph in the Act—that, namely, on p. 8, in the Rules for Class VI.—a class, our readers may be reminded, which includes all the Dover and Folkestone packets:—

(B) They shall also carry other boats, approved buoyant apparatus (Rule 9, p. 10), [and] [or] approved life-belts (Rule 10, p. 10), sufficient (with the boats) to keep afloat all the persons on board the ship.

The or here seems to leave it optional whether this additional provision shall consist of anything more than life-belts, in which case there would be no buoyant deck-fittings at all, and perhaps only two boats for several hundred persons. Moreover, in Class VII. it is distinctly allowable to carry belts instead of buoyant apparatus; while in this same class sailing-packets seem to have been lost sight of altogether.

As far as the provisions of the Act relate to boats, the defects which we find in it are of a comparatively unimportant character; but when "buoyant apparatus," as it is officially termed, is counted upon as an equivalent for boat accommodation, we cannot help picturing to ourselves the scene on a Channel boat when the bulk of the passengers would have to trust to these contrivances. If there were any sea running, none but the strongest men could get upon these deck seats, rafts, &c., and none even of them could long remain upon them alive. The sufferings of the two poor men who were picked up a few weeks ago off the Isle of Man, one of whom died in the very act of being rescued, show us what fate is in store for those adrift on "buoyant apparatus," even in well-frequented waters, in summer weather, and within a few miles of land. The provision of a life-belt for every person on the ship is undoubtedly an excellent one, and will help to save the lives of those who may accidentally fall into the water; but, unless they are speedily picked up, they will in most cases succumb to cold and exhaustion before many hours have passed, whether they be floating in life-belts or clinging to buoyant makeshifts of any description. We could have wished, therefore, that the Act had been of an even

more sweeping character; as it is, however, it goes far further than could have been expected. Those who wish for a concise and intelligible commentary on the text of the Act will do well to consult Mr. Brewster's little pamphlet.

CHEAP FICTION.*

"ANYBODY," said a wise, but savage, Innominate, "can write a shilling dreadful, but it takes an idiot to read one." It would be unfair to recall the name of the work which suggested this shocking reflection, and it would also be superfluous. Comparisons, again, are mostly odious, and there is no particular purpose to be served by contrasting nothing with nothing—the book of which we prefer that the name shall be untold and such desperate nonsense as *The Professor's Last Experiment*, the one virtue of which is that, being the dream of an anti-vivisectionist, it is not inscribed to Miss Cobbe. It tells the story of a son of the planet Mars. This gentleman is despatched by his fellow-Marsmen (who have attained a high degree of culture) to explore the earth, and place them in communication with the human race. He succeeds in traversing space and in effecting a landing somewhere in England, and he is presently discovered and hospitably entertained by a clergyman. After some months of communion, his host reveals the fact of the Marsman's existence to the Royal Society, and requests that learned body to send down a number of experts, to the end that his guest may be examined, and steps be taken to demonstrate the correctness of the theory of a plurality of worlds. Unfortunately for science, however, the Marsman attracts the attention of the notorious Professor Altenstein, who contrives to lure the stranger (who is winged, and downy all over) away to London, to shut him up in his own house, and by means of drugs and terrific scientific appliances to keep him there for five or six years, during which time he makes him the subject of continued study, exhibits him now and then (under the influence of soporifics) as a novel and dreadful species of ape, and ends by dissecting out his pinions, and sending his electrical car (in which he had made his journey through space) to an eminent firm of coach-builders, "to be left till called for." As the Marsman is a man of his hands, and is possessed of strange and deadly secrets, his capture and detention are not accomplished without a good deal of rather obscure intrigue, and the suppression by the Herr Professor of several objectionable persons. Among them is his own niece, who tries to save his visitor from the pleasures of vivisection, and whom he finds it convenient to shut up in a madhouse. To say that, when last we hear of her she is on her way to the planet Mars, is to tell as much of the rest of the story as is desirable and more (it may be) than is necessary.

Mr. Colmache's *Under Spell of the Dark Powers* is much better fun than *The Professor's Last Experiment*—is, indeed, quite cleverly invented and by no means ill-written, and, being merely a good old-fashioned tale of the good old-fashioned D—, may be cordially recommended to those (if any such there be) for whom that sort of thing hath charms. There is a ghost in it as well; but the ghost has nothing to do with the tragedy at the end, which is all the work of the Gates of Machecoul, a pair of portals in hammered iron, produced, long ages ago, under the personal supervision of the Evil One. The purpose of the Fiend (who took the artist away with him) was one of general damnation; but (it is scarce necessary to state) he was foiled by an artful priest, and the miracle of iron-work, in whose production he had deigned to assist, became in course of time a simple work of art. As such it was sold to an eminent antiquary, Sir Walter Worledge, of Graywood Abbey, and with its transfer to England its power of working mischief was renewed. What happened, and how its devilish quality had leave to operate, we do not propose to tell. It must suffice to say that the story is quite well told, that the characters are quite practical and useful, and that some pages of the book—as, for instance, those in which the narrator sets forth his experience of Breton life and manners—are very readable, apart from the pleasant piece of fiction whose interest they serve to quicken and sustain.

In *Monkey Mephisto* our swift scene flies to modern Paris. Raymond the painter has a lovely daughter. There is a mystery about her birth, but Villon, the Wicked Nobleman, loves her, and to clear up that mystery is for him mere child's play. Having cleared it up, he behaves in the most ungentlemanlike way; indeed, he goes so far as to tell Raymond that either Helen (her name is Helen) must be his or he will blaze abroad her secret to the whole of Paris. Fortunately, Helen has bestowed her young affections upon Somebody Else, and, as Villon insists upon playing the fool, and publishing the fact of an engagement that does not exist, it is arranged that he and Somebody Else shall fight a duel. That duel (it is needless to add) is never fought. Villon has been intriguing against Raymond with a magnificent opera singer, the celebrated Féralte; and when Féralte (who is in love with Raymond, but is vexed with him because he wants to leave

* *The Professor's Last Experiment*. By Stanley and Ritson Stewart. London: Swan Sonnenschein.

Under Spell of the Dark Powers. By G. A. Colmache. London: Ward.

Monkey Mephisto. By Henry Murray. London: Dicks.

The Hunting of the "Hydra". By Henry Frith. London: Routledge.

off sack and live cleanly) comes to find that she has been made the catspaw of this bold, bad man, she pays him a visit, and strikes him down with a family dagger. That night, though, she had to create a part in a new opera; and, finding her indiscretion public property, and that she is "wanted" by the police, she stabs herself before the fall of the curtain. So Helen and Somebody Else were married; and Raymond lived respectable ever after; and Mr. Murray was able to write *Monkey Mephisto*, which is sold for a shilling, and may (considered as literature) be worth as much as a farthing.

The theme of *The Hunting of the "Hydra"* is pirates. True it is that they are neither very picturesque nor very lifelike; but *enfin*—they are pirates, and that makes them interesting, if not altogether irresistible. They haunt the Indian Ocean, and they ply their heroic trade in prahus; but they sail under the Jolly Roger, they make their captives walk the plank, they give a good deal of trouble, and in the end they are hanged at the yardarm, as many gentlemen of fortune were before them; so that, although the manner in which their works and ways is narrated is scrambling, and the adventurers by whom they are pursued are so pictured as to be impossible out of the pages of a book for boys, one reads of them with a certain pleasure, and takes leave of them with a certain regret. It is not for nothing, indeed, that Bartholomew Sharpe, and Kidd, and Roberts have been. The writer of literature for the young has only to work in a pirate, and his book is safe. For the ghosts of these great sea-artists command good fortune.

MR. LOWELL ON IZAAK WALTON.*

IS Mr. Lowell an angler? It seems that he is not very fond of the craft; perhaps, like Sir Walter Scott in his later years, he is

No Fisher,
But a well-wisher
To the game.

At all events, Mr. Lowell has written a biographical introduction to a pretty edition of Walton and Cotton, in two volumes, without criticizing Izaak as a fisherman. The book was printed in America, at the Cambridge University Press; and the type and paper are excellent. Mr. Lowell speaks of the dangers of illustration; there is one ghastly tailpiece here, at the end of Walton's preface. Two repulsive logger-headed boys, like Walton's logger-headed chub, are looking over what may be a fly-book. This monstrosity is not due to an American pencil, but to Kenny Meadows. Most of the illustrations, except the red-brown etchings, are old friends; but the fish, by Cooper, Smith, Lance, and their contemporaries, are excellent. Some of Major's editions we prefer to this for handiness; and that of Sir H. Nicolas, with Stothard's plates, and the elaborate Life, is excellent. But the American edition is very desirable, in spite of its mysterious remark that Sir Henry Wotton was educated "at Winchester School in New Oxford." "And in New, Oxford," may have been intended; but it is wiser to say "New College."

Mr. Lowell's Introduction is, of course, to this edition what old Oliver Henley's oil of ivy-berries was to his worms in salmon-fishing. This magic it is that takes the purchaser, in spite of Mr. Lowell's indifference to Walton's pastime. He speaks of "a certain artificial fly, made by a handsome woman, and with a fine hand." Walton, of course, was talking about an artificial minnow, not a fly, sewn in coloured silks, and the parent of all our phantoms and angels. Why, when Mr. Lowell wants to cite Walton's "own words," he should write,

Linger long days by *Swaynham* brook,
when Walton really wrote

Loiter long days by *Shawford* brook,
does not now appear (xxxviii. and 132). We really ought to verify our references in this world of Maya and illusion. From Mr. Lowell, then, we cannot expect a discussion of Walton's merits as an angler. He was a confirmed bottom-fisher; probably he is Wotton's friend, attentive of his trembling quail, while Wotton himself was casting the fly. His advice to let only the fly touch the water may be a counsel of perfection; we should like to see Izaak trying it, except by dipping or dabbing. Indeed, by quoting Thomas Barker (1651), Walton practically admits that his knowledge is at second-hand, and by his alliance with Cotton that he is no great clerk in the nobler branches of the art. Richard Franck, of the *Northern Memoirs and Contemplative Angler*, clearly regards Walton as a pottering old creature. Franck had met him and argued with him; but, as Franck was a Cromwellian soldier, the pair were not likely to understand each other.

There is not much use in criticizing Mr. Lowell for what he has not cared to do. He does not censure Walton's perfunctory remarks on salmon, and his indifference to the use of a reel, a mysterious machine in his innocent eyes. Mr. Lowell is concerned with Walton as a man and a writer, not as a fisher. It is a great pleasure to study Mr. Lowell's pleasure in Walton, now happily removed by two hundred years from the Paul Prys of modern biography. "Malice domestic, treason, interviews, nothing can touch him further. The sanctities of his

life, at least, cannot be hawked about the streets or capitalized in posters as a whet to the latest edition of the Peeping Tom." No biographer can smother him between two octavos. He was twenty-two when Shakspeare died, and he might have read *Absalom and Achitophel*. He knew Ben Jonson; and called Drayton his friend. He passed through the Revolution, and, according to Anthony Wood, found London "dangerous for honest men," in 1643. Mr. Lowell does not mention that, after Worcester, "the trusty hands" of Izaak carried a jewel of Charles II. to Colonel Blague, then in the Tower, who escaped with it. Nicolas gives the story from Ashmole's *History of the Order of the Garter*; Ashmole had it from Blague and Walton, "a man well known and as well beloved of all good men." We rather regret Mr. Lowell's omission of Walton in the part of D'Artagnan, carrying Royal jewels across the disturbed country, and dealing with imprisoned Royalists. It is as germane to the matter as a brief but trenchant reference to the affairs of an island "famous for its verdure and its wrongs." In the dubious matter of Kenna and Chlora, Mr. Lowell does not hold that Walton, like Edgar Poe, made verses for one lady and used them again for another. Certainly Chlora is a very queer anagram of Rachel—the name of the first Mrs. Walton. We prefer to believe that Walton used Chlora, in early editions, as a mere empty pastoral name, and changed it to Kenna, later, as a posthumous tribute to his second wife. Mr. Lowell laughs at Mr. Major for trying to prove, by the smallness of Walton's shop, the greatness of his trade—a wholesale affair. Certainly Walton's house is not called a shop in contemporary documents, as Nicolas observes. The point is uninteresting, except that some may marvel how a very "small" tradesman came to be so very intimate with the higher clergy. Probably he made their acquaintance through being Donne's "convert," as he says, in St. Dunstan's, though it is difficult to believe that Walton needed much "converting." He is of the people whom Plato speaks of as being born good. About his style Mr. Lowell remarks that it is less artless than it seems. The sentence "These hymns are now lost to us, but doubtless they were such as they two now sing in heaven," is not a piece of unprepared art. "On the inside cover of his Eusebius Walton has written three attempts at this sentence, each of them very far from the concise beauty to which he at last constrained himself." We presume that this Eusebius is in the Cathedral Library of Salisbury, at least Nicolas mentions it among Walton's books there. We give the various attempts at the passage quoted by Mr. Lowell:—

Twenty eight hymns and psalms which was his holy recreation the latter part of his life and is now his employment in heaven, where he makes new ditties in praise of that god in 3 persons to whom be glory.

And his better part is now in heaven doing that which was most of his employment on earth magnifying the mercies and making hymns and singing them, to that god to whom be honour and glorie.

In heaven where his employment is to sing such hymns as he made on earth, in praise of that god to whom be honour and glory.

This clearly proves that Izaak's beauties did not come without labour.

It is noted that, in writing about an author, the critic is apt to be affected by his style. In this interesting essay Mr. Lowell himself writes with a quaintness which we have not observed in his other studies. For example:—"Walton had not the strong passions which poets break to the light harness of verse, and indeed they and longevity such as his are foaled by dams of very different race." If this means that poets, having strong passions, are shortlived, we may point to Sophocles, Landor, Victor Hugo, not to speak of the chief or only honours of contemporary song. But we are not certain that we do take the meaning of Mr. Lowell's curious phrase. Cotton, according to Mr. Lowell, was "an excellent poet, and a thorough master of succulently idiomatic English." The same praise may be given to Cotton's critic, but in this essay Mr. Lowell does occasionally surprise us by reminding us of modern "stylists" too fond of artificiality and research in language. Perhaps it is hard to read Walton much without catching his undeniable love of a curious word, an unexpected turn. By way of a fairer example of Mr. Lowell's manner, we quote a passage on Walton's piety, its happiness, and its charm:—

Length of days is one of the blessings of the Old Testament, and surely it might be added to the Beatitudes of the New, when, as with Walton, it meant only a longer ripening, a more abundant leisure to look backwards without self-reproach, and forwards with an assured gratitude to God for a future goodness like the past. There is, perhaps, if we condescend to a purely utilitarian view, no stronger argument for belief in a personal Deity than that it makes possible this ennobling sense of gratitude; and in a time when such possibility has been so largely analysed and refined away, Walton's habitual recognition of so direct and conscious an obligation that he cannot resist the interjectional expression of it is a chief cause of the solace and refreshment we feel in reading him. As we read we inhale an odor from the leaves as if flowers from the garden of childhood had been pressed between them, and for a moment, by the sweet sophistry of association, we stand again among them where they grew. Here is in-contaminate piety, wholesome as bread. It is a gush of involuntary emotion like that first sincere and precious juice which their own weight forces from the grapes. A fine morning, a meadow flushed with primroses, are not only good in themselves, but sweeter and better because they give him occasion to be thankful for them. We may be wiser, but it may be doubted whether we are so happy, in our self-reliant orphanhood. He had two pleasures where we have but one, and that one doubtfully now that the shadow of the metaphysical cloud has darkened nature.

On *Thealma* and *Clearchus* (1683) we are happy to be in agreement with Mr. Lowell. John Chalkhill is, practically, Izaak

* *The Complete Angler*. With an Introduction by James Russell Lowell. London Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Walton. The very references to angling in the poem, though Mr. Lowell does not say so, seem to us Waltonian. In his edition of 1830 (with a frontispiece by the abominable Wainwright, the painter), Mr. Samuel Weller Singer expresses the same opinion. The language, as Mr. Lowell points out, is not of Spenser's time, but Walton says that his Jon Chalkhill knew Spenser. "The invariable use of the possessive *its* and the elision of the *e* in the past participle would be conclusive." "I am convinced," Mr. Lowell declares, "that *Thealma and Clearchus*, whoever may have sketched it, is mainly Walton's as it now stands, and I believe it to be the work of his middle or later life." If Walton was the author, Mr. Lowell "does not think the artifice very culpable." There could not be a more harmless *supercherie*. All the conclusion of Mr. Lowell's essay on Walton's humour, piety, and love of nature is delightful, ending with the happy question,

Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt.

As even if Izaak fished with a fly like that of his friend, which Walton "hung in his parlour window to laugh at," farewell to him, for an old man truly fortunate.

NEW PRINTS.

THERE is now on view at the Galleries of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co., in New Bond Street, a new etching by M. F. Gaulet, of the "Église de Gréville," by François Millet. This is a picture of exceptional interest. It was found, as will be remembered, in Millet's studio after his death, and it was one of a few works which he was so fond of that he had not been able to persuade himself to part from them. The "Église de Gréville" was painted, we believe, in 1872. It was secured for the Luxembourg, where it now rests. The parish church of Gréville holds a prominent place in the annals of Millet's life. Gréville, the hamlet where he was born, is in the commune of Gréville, and there the artist was baptized. In his autobiographical notes he speaks of his being taken there as a child, and of his admiration of its "great windows with their lozenge-shaped leads." He has taken his view from outside the low churchyard wall, so that a corner of the characteristic Norman nave is visible in the canvas, and the eye perceives that the church and village are on the top of a cliff. The building itself is one of those low, straggling churches, so common in La Manche, the broad nave and squat tower of which give the edifice a look of clinging to the ground lest it should be blown out to sea. M. Gaulet has translated this interesting example with a great deal of skill, keeping the general key soft and light; the sky is delicate and large. A little more atmosphere is wanted, perhaps, in the treatment of the yew-tree at the back of the church; but, on the whole, the etching is remarkably successful in the relation of its tones.

We do not recall the precise title of the "Village on the Oise," by Daubigny, which M. Greux has etched on a large plate with considerable success. Daubigny would paint the Oise, and his good pictures of it are not more numerous than his bad ones. This particular example, which is in the Exposition Universelle, is excellent. It has less than usual, or M. Greux has taken the liberty of improving it, of Daubigny's smear, his gross evidence of the passage of the brush unrevised. On the other hand, it has the charm of his composition. M. Greux is not to be confounded with the veteran Gustave Greux, who was so widely known in this country through his etched plates for Lièvre's *Works of Art in the Collections of England*. He bids fair, however, to become as distinguished; he etched the "Semeur" of Millet which enjoyed so much success last year. He is, we believe, one of the staff of engravers and etchers employed at the *Ateliers*.

The same publishers have added a number of examples to their attractive series of "Miniature Engravings." The new plates comprise works by Kaemmerer, Bouguereau, Fildes, Bayard, Mlle. Fournier and Geoffroy. These little "engravings," as they are called, seem to be really autotypes or goupilgravures, done by process. They are not serious, but they are very pretty and amusing. Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co. are on the point of publishing an *édition de luxe* of three of Lord Tennyson's poems, "To E. L.," "The Palace of Art," and "The Daisy," with twenty-five illustrations by E. L. himself, who, as everybody knows, or ought to know, was not merely the laureate of nonsense, but a very refined and talented artist, with an adoration of Tennyson which almost amounted to deification. The drawings are reproduced in goupilgravure, and are really charming. During his lifetime Edward Lear, we believe, never succeeded in finding a publisher who would bring out these illustrations as he desired. He is justified after his decease.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

I.

AMONGST the new books specially intended for our adventurous boys, *Blown to Bits: a Tale of the Malay Archipelago*, by R. M. Ballantyne (London: Nisbet & Co.), ought to please any youth who not only craves for excitement, but likes to have

his wildest imaginations satisfied. He will find in *Blown to Bits* the finest of hairbreadth escapes, the most herculean of feats. A German Professor who joins a party of travellers buries himself in a hole he makes in the ground, determined to shoot a tiger or die. The tiger comes out, stands over the Professor's hiding-place, and is shot dead. The Professor is not hurt; but he stands every chance of being suffocated, as the tiger falls across the mouth of his enemy's hiding-place. However, on the Professor shouting out, in answer to his friends' question "Where are you?" "Here onder zee tigre! Kveek, I am suffocat," this remarkable feat was performed. "Instantly Van der Kemp seized the animal by the tail, and, with a force worthy of Hercules, heaved it aside as if it had been a dead cat, revealing the man of science underneath, alive and well, but dishevelled, scratched, and soiled; also as deaf as a doorpost." Another astonishing trial of strength is described in the death of a "huge python" which was discovered coiled up in the thatch of a hut in which the travellers had spent the night. "We must get him out of that," remarked Van der Kemp as he quietly made a noose with a piece of rattan, and fastened it to the end of a long pole. With the latter he poked the creature up, and, when it had uncoiled sufficiently, he slipped the noose deftly over its head. 'Clear out, friends,' he said, looking round. All obeyed with uncommon promptitude, except the Professor, who valiantly stood his ground. Van der Kemp pulled the python violently down to the ground, where it started a tremendous scuffle among the chairs and posts. The hermit kept its head off with the pole, and sought to catch its tail, but failed twice. Seeing this, the Professor caught the tail as it whipped against his legs, and springing down the steps so violently that he snapped the cord by which the hermit held it, and drew the creature straight out—a thick monster, full twelve feet long, and capable of swallowing a dog or a child. 'Out of zee way!' shouted the Professor, making a wild effort to swing the python against a tree; but the tail slipped from his grasp, the Professor fell, and the snake went crashing against a log, under which it took refuge. Nigel, who was nearest it, sprang forward, fortunately caught its tail, and, swinging it and himself round with such force that it could not coil up at all, dashed it against a tree. Before it could recover from the shock, Moses had caught up a hatchet and cut its head off with one blow. The tail wriggled for a few seconds, and the head gaped once or twice, as if in mild surprise at so sudden a finale." The Professor's comment on this exciting scene is as good as any we can give—"Zat is strainch—very strainch." The descriptions of the islands in the Malay Archipelago are better illustrated by the letterpress than the drawings; and there is a wonderful description of the volcanic eruption in Krakatoa in 1883, which must interest any reader of *Blown to Bits*. The romantic element in the story is prettily introduced; and, if some of the instances seem very far-fetched—notably the extraordinary coincidence of a canoe containing the travellers, amongst whom is the son of a certain captain owning a vessel called the *Sunshine*, being hurled by a great wave during the eruption in Krakatoa on to the deck of the *Sunshine*—no doubt our boys' imaginations will be able to soar to them.

The Romance of the Forests, by Ascott R. Hope (London: John Hogg), is, to quote the author's own words, "an entertaining miscellany for all tastes." Truly, as he says, "the forest is the natural home for romance"; and in his book we have it in great variety. There are the old English forest legends; legends of German forests, amongst the more romantic of which is "Eginhard and Emma"; and, going on to Switzerland, we have "A True Romance of the Trient," where the woodcutter's life is described. Some of the stories of hermits are very interesting. Then we come to thrilling and horrible tales of the Backwoods, "The Red Men and the White Men." Then beautiful descriptions of the tropical forests, curious accounts of the wild men of the woods, and vivid ones of the destruction of the forests. Altogether, we can recommend *The Romance of the Forests* as an interesting book for old and young.

In *Our Stories*, by Ascott R. Hope (London: Biggs & Debenham), we find a collection of tales principally relating to school-life, which contain, not only amusing incidents, but good moral lessons, put in the form of personal experiences, which must appeal to a boy's heart, instead of setting him against what he is pleased to call "sentimental" or "religious bosh." The first story, "Our First Pipe," is a true and vivid description of the pleasure, pain, and subsequent consequences of the schoolboy's first pipe on the sly. "My First Scrape" is one which will prove no inducement to its ambitious reader to go and do likewise; and "My Last Scrape" will touch and stir all the good feelings in any boy whose love for his mother rules the greater part of his life. The other stories, "My Foreign Friend," "Our Holiday Tour," "The Greatest Trouble of My Life," "Our Sere-nade," "Our Volunteers," and "My Deed of Darkness," will all in their turn prove interesting, touching, and exciting.

Lil, by the author of *Tip-Cat* and *Pen* (London: Smith & Innes), is a pretty story of a girl who, when she was thirteen, slipped downstairs and injured her spine, thereby becoming an invalid for life; but, luckily for her five brothers and their great boy friend, an invalid whose life consists in being their helper and their sympathetic friend in all their joys and troubles. Her horror of being "a proper invalid"—which she describes as a person "speaking in a very gentle voice, reading good books, wearing a knitted shawl, and using Eau-de-Cologne"—is very

pathetic. "I can't bear to be sympathized with. I'm not a bit like Mrs. Wyatt and never shall be. It doesn't make my head ache a bit when there's a noise, and I hate people speaking in whispers," she tells her father. The father is, of course, a widower—fathers generally are in stories nowadays describing home life. The love story which comes into Lil's life, not affecting herself personally, but which she enters into as affecting those near and dear to her, is a pretty romantic element in the book which will be specially pleasing to girls.

Ada Norman's Trials and Difficulties, by M. Seymour (London: Hogg), is another story which will be attractive to girls. It begins with Ada Norman's leave-taking of her school and first introduction to her aunt and cousin, with whom she is going to live. She is an orphan and dependent on her uncle and aunt for a home. Here her trials and difficulties begin, and "It was just when she was feeling most weary and most heartless that a friendly smile and a friendly voice came to help her out of the depth of her discouragement—such voice and smile belonging to a silver-haired old lady who was the nearest neighbour of the Doctor's family." This old lady becomes her firm friend, and when Ada's uncle dies and Ada has to get employment for her living soothes and encourages her. Ada's trials and difficulties continue many and great until she becomes governess to a little girl whose mother died when she was born, and whose father and maiden aunt are kind, good people who appreciate Ada and make her life a happy one. She finally leaves them to take care of her kind old friend until she dies. The book ends up happily with Ada's marriage.

Laurel Crowns; or, Griselda's Aim: a Story for Brothers and Sisters, by Emma Marshall (London: Nisbet & Co.) The principal characters in this story are members of two families—Blunts and Carringtons—neighbours in a small village near London. It is needless to say that in both families the mother is dead. Why cannot we have interesting stories about children without depriving them of their maternal parent? However, Sir Thomas Blunt has married again, and his second wife is the typical, selfish, self-indulgent stepmother, who, though not unkind, takes no trouble for her stepchildren, so that the Carringtons, who have a good father and kind cousin to look after them, are far better looked after and a far more united and happy family than their neighbours. The story keeps up its interest all through, and its vicissitudes are depicted simply and touchingly without harrowing children's feelings too deeply. It introduces, too, the Missions to Seamen in a way that must make the more serious reader feel the good of this noble work, and, finally, everything is brought to a happy conclusion, such as young people love—for as long as "everything ends happily" they do not mind having a good cry in the course of their book.

Prince Vance: the Story of a Prince with a Court in his Box, by Eleanor Putnam and Arlo Bates (London: Smith & Innes), carries one back to the old fairy-tale days. The art of writing fairy-tales seemed in a great measure to have died out, and it is refreshing to be reminded, as in *Prince Vance*, that it still exists. It is impossible to give an adequate sketch of such a tale. We can only advise our children whose spirit of imagination has been allowed scope to read it. The illustrations by Frank Myrick add much to the attraction of the book. They are fantastically designed and cleverly executed.

Amongst the numerous books written for younger children, Ismay Thorn's *Max or Baby: the Story of a Very Little Boy* (London: Blackie & Son) comes first. "Max," or "Baby," as he chooses to be called, is a most fascinating little person of four, who, when we are introduced to him, is much puzzled as to what the doctor can mean by saying his father is overdone and wants rest and country air. His mother's explanation, on the question being suddenly put to her by Baby "What is overdone?" puzzles him still more. "Like the mutton at dinner, or your rice-pudding sometimes." "But what does it look like zen?" "Oh, all black and burnt." Baby next appeals to one of his sisters. "Farver isn't all black and burnt, is he?" "Why no, of course not." "Doctor did say zat farver was looking pale and ill, and overdone, and muvver says overdone means black and burnt." Baby has a decided character of his own, and expresses his opinions with more firmness than politeness. He by turns amuses and amazes his grandfather, with whom he and his sisters go to stay whilst their overworked father is abroad with their mother. He is prompt not only to pick up ideas, but to act upon them. He hears that his father wants money to enable him to stay abroad longer. On happening to go for a walk in the garden with his grandfather, he listens to a conversation between him and the gardener, and discovers that one way of getting money is to sell flowers and fruit at the railway station. Then follows an amusing, but touching, account of Baby's immediately acting on this discovery, how he engages his small sister's help, how between them, having found a large, empty basket, "they filled it with more zeal than discretion," and finally, unseen by any one, went off to try and find the railway station. What with losing their way, and what with the heaviness of the basket, the poor little things got overweighted with their cares and were beginning to break down, when a kind and wise friend luckily came in sight, and, easily persuading the children to give up their laudable intention, took them home. "Max or Baby's" sayings and doings are so cleverly and amusingly told, that older people than the young children for whom they are set forth must enjoy them.

Paul's Friend: a Story for Children and the Childlike, by Stella Austin (London: Smith & Innes), introduces us to two

little children, twins, called Paul and Paulina, who have not only that rare happiness in story-books of having a father and mother alive, but of their being all that is kind and good. Consequently the children are happy and good and wise. Even being told by his father that they are so poor they must give up their beautiful house and all the delights of it does not affect the boy in any way except to enable him to remark:—"If we have not got our garden and park, we have God's part of the world. . . . I like God's part of the world that belongs to everybody." Indeed, from the way in which he receives the news his father dreaded to tell, he proves himself "a philosopher as well as a Radical." There are pretty descriptions of the leave-taking between the children and their friends—both people and animals; but we are not introduced to "Paul's Friend" until they are settled in France. He is a man who avoids all his fellow-creatures, who is hard and tyrannical, who shows no mercy, and who has no heart. The children burst in upon him suddenly in his lonely house when rushing after a favourite dog who had escaped from them in pursuit of a cat. The gentleman begins by resenting the intrusion, but by degrees becomes very fond of Paul, who by his gentleness and goodness brings about a reunion of friends, and happiness to those he loves best. There is so much sentiment nowadays mixed up in our children's books, that it is a relief when we can pronounce it as healthy sentiment without morbidity—as is certainly the case in *Paul's Friend*.

In *Exiled; or, when Great-Grandmother was Young*, by Catharine Mary Mactorley (London: John Hogg), we have a sketch of an English girl's school and home life in those days—not so very different from ours, after all. The interest of the book chiefly consists in the introduction into it of a French Marquis and his daughter, who had escaped from France just before the Revolution and taking of the Bastille. How the poor little French girl, who had to work for her living, was snubbed by the English school-girls to whom she taught French, how eventually she unconsciously taught "our great-grandmother" the virtues of unselfishness and kind thoughts for others, is all well put before one in this little book.

We Four Children, by M. A. Hoyer (London: John Hogg), is a story of four children who start what they call a "literary and scientific Society" amongst themselves, which is to meet once a week. It is, fortunately for the children, joined by an uncle, who contributes to its amusement by telling original stories. There are few children who will not understand and sympathize with the difficulties as well as interests which beset this little Society.

We have also received *The Ups and Downs of a Sixpence; or, Guess the many Curious Places I've been in*, by M. Seymour; *Noël and Geoff; or, Three Christmas Days*, by Frances Armstrong, and *Dolly's Adventures; or, Happy Days at Cranberry*, by Yvonne (London: John Hogg), pretty harmless little stories for children, without much in them.

We cannot imagine a much greater treat as a Christmas present for our little ones than *Golden Days and Silver Eves*, designs by Maude Goodman, Alice Havers, Fannie Moody, and Marcella Walker. Poems, by Arthur E. Scanes and Helen Marion Burnside (London: Raphael Tuck & Sons). We are told that the pictures, which are all of them clever and artistic, have been designed at the London studios, and printed at the Fine Art Works in Germany. They certainly do all credit to the designers and printers. The poetry and illustrations on each month in the year which compose part of this fascinating book are all charming.

The Prince of Nursery Playmates, "containing seventy-four nursery rhymes and nursery songs, illustrated with two hundred and seventeen pictures in oil-colours by the first artists" (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington), and *Old Mother Goose's Rhymes and Tales*, illustrated by Constance Haslewood (Frederick Warne & Co.), are collections of all the well-known nursery rhymes and tales, put into an attractive form for the children of the present day, whose tastes in literature of all kinds are so much consulted and administered to.

The Royal Progress of King Pepito, by Beatrice T. Cresswell, illustrated by Kate Greenaway; *A House to Let*, by Mrs. Moleworth; *The Zoo* (Second Series), by the Rev. J. G. Wood, illustrated by Harrison Weir; *Short Tales for Little Folk*, by Frances Epps, C. Selby Lowndes, and others (London: S.C.P.K.), are all good specimens of children's books, and *The Golden Sunshine Story Book*, by Muriel Evelyn, "with many pretty pictures" (London: Ward, Lock, & Co.), is a capital book for children just beginning to read.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

TO notice a German book under the head of French Literature may seem anomalous; but it is not really more anomalous than noticing a history of French literature under the head of German. Herr Birch-Hirschfeld (1) is already known as a student of some parts of early French literature, and now he seems to have undertaken a regular history of the later part from and including the Renaissance. The part before us, extending from the beginning to about the middle of the sixteenth century, is a clear and

(1) *Geschichte der französischen Literatur seit Anfang des xvi. Jahrhunderts*. Von Adolf Birch-Hirschfeld. Stuttgart: Cotta.

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sufficiently erudite summary of existing knowledge on the subject, furnished with notes which, useful as they are, would have been perhaps better redacted into the form of a bibliographical index, well printed in (thank heaven!) Roman type, and exhibiting that competent study of the subject which one expects from a German. Much further than this we cannot at present go, for Herr Birch-Hirschfeld has other Germanisms which are not so desirable. It may, perhaps, be said without arrogance that literary criticism, pure and simple, is not the strongest point of the German literary character, and without impoliteness that confident dogmatism too often takes its place. We are unable to find any other epithet than *bête* for the positive statement, in reference to Rabelais, that "die später (1904) erschienene Fortsetzung des Romans hat er nicht geschrieben." No doubt a positive assertion on the other side would be almost as foolish; no doubt the authorship of the last Book is one of those questions on which wise men will perpetually agree to differ and lovers of literature will perpetually delight to argue each his own side. But Herr Birch-Hirschfeld certainly has the learning, and ought to have the sense, to be aware that positive evidence sufficient to settle the matter of fact there is none, and he should have the modesty to admit that on the question of opinion persons at least his own equals in competence think that Rabelais *did* write, though he may not finally have decided, it. A positive assertion, as if the writer had in his breeches-pocket a document signed François Rabelais, and saying, "I did not write the last Book," is silly, is rude, and is—German.

Madame d'Épône (2) is a very curious example of that radical difference of sentiment which never can get itself adjusted between the two nations of France and England. The heroine is the second in order of a remarkable quaternity of great-grand-mamma, grandmamma, mamma, and little daughter, of whom the youngest is very young and the eldest by no means old. She has been ill-treated and deserted by her husband; and her daughter (number three) has married an excellent, but not absolutely wise, gentleman, whom she is supposed to adore. To them enter *le séducteur*, Vincent de Mottelon. "*Le séducteur*" is a contemptible person as your professional lady-killer usually is—that is to say, he is a person who, putting all moralities out of the question, forgets the elementary truth that, falling, or imagining yourself to fall, deliberately in love with anybody is no fun at all. Next to the less common, but not unknown, proceeding of buying a ream of paper, mending a pen, and then sitting down to write an epic poem also deliberately, this has always seemed to us the *ne plus ultra* of human folly, for the winds of Venus blow where they list and nowhere else. However, Berthe de Rollo is a little fool, and without ceasing to love her husband or going very far, permits Vincent to go some way. The catastrophe is only avoided by a fantastic and unnecessary piece of devotion of Mme. d'Épône, who, being still young and handsome, goes to the rendezvous which Vincent has appointed for her daughter, and is found there by her son-in-law. We do not say that very great art might not make the situation effective; but here, though the book is not ill-written, that is not done. And then the way in which the assignation is asked for! This dragon, who lives only to chase the helpless *marée*, actually puts a note in the case of *one* of a parcel of books which he sends to his proposed victim. Why any schoolboy might know better!

There is always considerable talent in M. Louis Létang's work, the chief drawback to it being his adoption of the modern way of writing by "episodes," which involves irritating references to some other book. *Madame de Villemor* (3) opens very well with a quiet, but exact and interesting, sketch of a little girl's life in Dauphiné. Afterwards the tale grows more animated, and we have Italian princes, a diamond room, wicked Russians, and we know not what else. So the book appeals to more tastes than one. Whether a similarly double aim had anything to do with M. Lomon's (4) adoption of his title, we cannot say. The "love," however, is only "not fit to be named" in appearance, not in reality, though the lover is not a good man. It, in consequence of an accident at sea, rather cleverly described, finds himself at liberty to exchange with the smallest possible risk of detection, and also without much injury to any one, the position of a ruined and resourceless gambler for that of a prosperous ex-merchant with fifty thousand pounds. Unluckily one part of his inheritance is a daughter, and in after years he falls in love with her. The situation, though with risky possibilities, is not offensively carried out, and there is a good deal of interest in the book, though it sometimes grazes the repulsive.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

So determined has been the praise of modern science, and so prodigal the incense of flattery offered to its prophets and priests, that Mr. Samuel Laing's *Problems of the Future* (Chapman & Hall) seems a trifling addition to the burden. The first portion of this glib and rather smartly-written summary of scientific progress is one prolonged panegyric on the discoveries of science. In the

- (1) *Madame d'Épône*. Par Brada. Paris: Plon.
- (2) *Madame de Villemor*. Par Louis Létang. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
- (4) *Amour sans nom*. Par C. Lomon. Paris: Plon.

interests of "the semi-scientific reader" Mr. Laing reviews the scientific field to date. His popular views of the triumphs of Darwin and his followers are well suited to the audience he addresses. The antiquity of man, the Glacial Period, the duration of solar heat, the composition of the universe, animal magnetism and spiritualism, and our old friend, still invisible and undiscoverable, the Missing Link—these are some of the problems presented. Treating these Mr. Laing is exceedingly at his ease. He passes from one to another of these mighty themes with a sure-footed pertinacity and a fearless confidence that will certainly favourably impress the average reader, who is of loose reading habit and does not so much as think of thinking. The profit of it all is hard to discern. For example, Mr. Laing wrestles with the Glacialists, and prefers the estimate of an observer on the Mersey to Professor Prestwich's 20,000 years. The truth is, in these matters you are invited to make a choice, the more plausible the better, the data for either estimate being alike meagre and inconclusive. And so it is with the geological "idea of cataclysms," which Mr. Laing asserts is now "completely exploded," while on another page he refers to the authentic record of the upheaval "by the shock of a single earthquake" of the Pacific coast of South America to the extent of five or six feet for some six hundred miles. Is not this something of a cataclysm? And what warrant has he or any one else that the like has not happened repeatedly, or that volcanic eruptions infinitely more extensive than that of Krakatau have not occurred and may not be repeated? Then with regard to the "missing link," after remarking that the truth or falsehood of Darwin's theory of natural selection and the survival of the fittest was staked on the discovery of missing links, Mr. Laing observes "the case was almost similar to that of the truth of Halley's calculation as to the orbit of his comet, being staked on its return at the predicted period." There may be much virtue in the "almost," but a falseness or more misleading analogy could scarcely be conceived. At present no one has ventured to predict where the missing links—their name should be legion—that connect man with his arboreal ancestors are to be found. Mr. Laing does, indeed, hint that some day there may be discovered in the Miocene or Eocene formations "some missing link"—only one, be it marked; ready made, it would seem, like a museum specimen—"bearing the same relation to man as the Hipparion and its ancestors do to the horse." Despite this insignificant hiatus in the evolutionary evidence, Mr. Laing derives much consolation, at a cheap rate, too, from the results arrived at by distinguished comparative anatomists in the study of man and the anthropoid apes. He thinks that "all, or nearly all," of man's "higher intellectual or moral qualities" appear in animals "in a rudimentary state," though this amazing statement is substantiated only by citing the arithmetical powers of "Sally" at the Zoo and Sir John Lubbock's dog, and by contrasting the gorilla in his forest, living "respectably with a single wife and family," with certain husbands and parents "of our Upper Ten who figure in the Divorce Courts." Even this pleasant report of the excellent gorilla is based merely on "accounts of travellers." Between a young negro and a young chimpanzee the difference is not very great, says Mr. Laing; and this may be true to the superficial eye or to the prying anatomist. Yet there is the insuperable fact that the one remains a chimpanzee and the other grows to be a man. Of course something may be done, as Mr. Laing suggests, for the anthropoid apes; and now that Equatorial Africa is being opened, it is to be hoped that Mr. Laing may persuade some "scientist" to attempt the experiment of selective breeding. Let him go to school with the chimpanzee and the rest, and see if he can produce Sir Oran Haut-ton.

Those who enjoyed the fancy and humour of Mr. T. E. Brown's *Fo'c'sle Yarns* will find much to their liking in *The Manx Witch, and other Poems* (Macmillan & Co.) Mr. Brown tells a story, as a story should be told in verse, with simple force and directness. When he digresses, as in "The Manx Witch," the digressions are admirably characteristic of the narrator, who is a sailor, and not altogether acclimatized to life among the Isle of Man miners. Tom Baynes proves his powers once more in the dramatic story of the courtship of pretty Nussy by Jack and Harry, their jealousies and quarrel, the evil-working of the Witch, and her horrible fate. The characters of the two men—the victorious Jack and his "dooiney-molla," or chief backer and commander to the beloved—are vigorously drawn, and charming are the pictures of the "sooreyin," or courting, in the sweet spring weather. The manner of it is graphically painted. With Nussy at the window, Jack would mount on the shoulders of Harry, who was nothing but "sempertizin":—

"Get down," says Nussy, "don't ye see
That Harry is tired?"—"Not me! not me!"
And just like a mason with his hod,
As stiff—and beggin' for the love of God
They'd go on; and geavin' a surt of a coo—
"Aw keep it up! aw do! aw do!"

The poem is remarkable for its terse and strong emotional power. The irregular rhymed metre is fluent yet nervous, and the dialect is nothing to boggle at. Of the remaining poems we like best "Peggy's Wedding," though readers who abhor dialect may prefer the sentiment and pathos of "Mary Quayle," a tragedy of desertion and death.

My Mistress the Empress Eugénie (Dean & Son), an "Authorized translation" from the French of Mme. Carotte, is a tedious

volume of gossip, not very well done into English, and by no means a model of literary arrangement. The devotion and loyalty of the writer are qualities more pleasantly apparent than any power of observation or delineation. We can hardly believe that Mme. Carette wrote of "Louis XIV (*sic*) and Marie Antoinette," or that an unpleasant passage of her recollections (p. 182) takes an equally disagreeable form in the original.

Stray Leaves of Literature, by Frederick Saunders (Elliot Stock), though apparently a book that is intended for book-lovers, is scarcely worthy of more than a cursory inspection. There are among its contents papers on old books, ballads, and songs, the survival of books, and so forth; but these attractive themes produce little but platitude and slovenly writing. Mr. Saunders subjects the poets, by the way, to cruel treatment. He misquotes and misrepresents Coleridge's exquisite music thus:—

Many a hidden brook, in this leafy month of June,
To the sleeping woods all night singeth a quiet tune.

He audaciously calls this "Coleridge's couplet." Of Mr. Saunders and the ballad we have, indeed, too much when we find Peacock's "War Song of Dinas Vawr" referred to, without acknowledgment, as "This rollicking Welsh ballad," and as "an illustration of the utter absence of pathos," arranged in couplets, as in the Coleridgean extract, with five misprints.

The annual volume of *Atalanta* (Hatchards) is one of the most comely of illustrated magazines, and one to be commended to all who are in search of a gift-book that is certain to please and to profit young people. The illustrations are varied and good, especially the Goupil plates and the reproduction in colour after Bastien Lepage that forms the frontispiece. The fiction, verse, essays, the contributions to the *Atalanta* Scholarship and Reading Union, and the papers on artistic themes, are all interesting and readable.

Amabel Jenner's *Half-hour Plays* (Smith & Innes) is a capital collection of dramas for juveniles, founded on old fairy-tales, and ought to prove as popular as the *Terra-Cotta Plays* of last season. Intelligent children should readily play with excellent effect, either at village entertainments or in the drawing-room, "Jack and the Beanstalk," "The Snow Queen," "Silverlocks," and the rest. The scenery is not indicated, and is not necessary. For costume the directions will, if followed, cause a run on "Kate Greenway dresses."

The Rev. John Macgowan tells "the story of the Army Mission" of the London Missionary Society in an interesting and fluent narrative, under the objectionable title, *Church or Confession, Which?* (London Missionary Society). When taste and grammar protest, it may be feared that the reader may go further, and turn altogether from a harmless and fair-minded chronicle.

Whether Sir William Harcourt's benevolent legislation has tended to thin rabbits to any great extent we cannot say, but Major Morant's *Profitable Rabbit-Farming* (L. Upcott Gill) goes far to persuade us there are not enough rabbits in the country. Major Morant points the way to successful farming of rabbits in hutches in the open, and shows how the operation may pay the farmer.

We have received *Dr. Arnold of Rugby*, by Rose E. Selfe, a well-written biographical sketch in "The World's Workers" series (Cassell & Co.); *Autumn Leaves*, a poem by E. J. Naish (St. Ives: Jarman & Gregory), and Mr. Hugh Callendar's *Primer and Reading Practice of Cursive Shorthand*, "Cambridge System" (C. J. Clay & Sons).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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CONTENTS OF NO. 1,774, OCTOBER 26, 1889:

An Un-manifest Manifesto.

The Censorship of Music-Halls.

Lord John Russell. The Opening of the Reichstag.

A Judicial Allantopoles. A Death and a Wedding.

Dogs and their Commentators. Crates and Armenia.

The Conservatism of Cats. The State of Ireland.

Incompatibles in the County Council. Homeric Blunders.

Frappez Toujours. Things Colonial and Intercolonial.

Some Speeches of the Week.

Mr. John Ball.

Tauromachia in Paris.

The Decline of Comedy. The India Museum.

The Leeds Festival—II. The Army and the Way to it.

A New Norwegian Road. Mr Marks's Birds.

The Iron Trade. The Chorolista

National School of Cookery. Cats at the Crystal Palace.

Money Matters. Dom Luis I

Par Nobile Fratrum.

The Winning of the West.

The Blue Fairy-Book. Haydn's Dictionary of Dates.

Reminiscences of a Literary and Clerical Life.

Stageland. Three Medical Books. Cheap Fiction.

Life-Saving Appliances at Sea.

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CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT.—Saturday, October 26th, at Three. Vocalist: Mme. Elvira Gambogi; Pianoforte, Edouard Albeniz (his first appearance at the Crystal Palace). The Crystal Palace Orchestra, Conductor, Mr. AUGUST MANN. Programme will include:—Overture, "Coriolanus" (Beethoven); Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra (Schumann); Symphony in B flat (Op. 69); Dr. Bernhard Scholz (first time in England); Solos for Pianoforte (Albeniz): (a) Sevillana, (b) Cotillon Valse, (c) Improvisation. Concert Overture, "The Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" (Mendelssohn).

ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION SOCIETY.—The NEW GALLERY, Regent Street.—SECOND EXHIBITION NOW OPEN. To Six. Admission, 1s. WALTER CRANE, President. ERNEST RADFORD, Secretary.

GROSVENOR GALLERY, New Bond Street, W. THE SECOND PASTEL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN. Admission, 1s.—Ten to Six.